4d.

THE Three first BOOKES OF Ouids de Tristibus.

Translated into English.

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Thomas Marsh.

1578.

Cum Priuilegio.

The Occaſion of this Booke.

OF Ouidius Naſo his Banishment, diuers occaſions be ſuppoſed: but the common opinion and the moſte likely: is, that Auguſtus Cæſar then Emperoure, readinge his Bookes of the Arte of Loue, miſliked them ſo much, that hee condemned Ouid to exile, After which time, the ſayd Ouid aſwel in his paſſage on the Sea, as after arriued in the Barbarous countries, the rather to recouer the Emperours grace, wrote theſe Elegias, or Lamentable verſes, directinge ſome to the Gods, ſome to Cæſar, ſome to his wife, ſome to his Daughter, ſome to his Frendes, ſome to his foes. &c. And called this booke, the booke of Sorowes: In latin de Triſtibus.

TO HIS MOST ASSV-
red and tryed Frende, Maister
Christopher Hatton Esquire, Thomas
Churchyarde wisheth continuaunce of Vertue.

AS I haue greate desire *to perfourme my promise touching my whole workes of English Verses, good maister Hatton, so I wish my selfe able euerye waye to keepe the worthynesse of your frendship, which many haue tasted, and few can fynde fault withall: such is the euennesse of your dealinges, and the vpright behauiour of the same. VVel, least I should seeme to vnfolde a fardle of Flattrie, I returne to my matter. My booke being vnreadye, consideringe I was commaunded (by a great and mighty parsonage) to write ỹ same againe, I am forced in the meane while to occupye your iudgement with the reading of another mans worke, whose doings of it selfe, is sufficient to purchase good report. albeit, it wanted such a Patron as you are to defende it. The reste of that woorke which as yet is not come forth, I purpose to pen and set out, crauing a little leasure for the same. And surely sir, I blush that myne owne booke beares not a better Tytle, but the basenes of the matter wil not suffer it to beare any higher*

name

name, than Churchyardes Chyps for in the same are sondrye tryfles composed in my youth, and such fruict as those dayes and my simple knowledge coulde yelde: so that the aptest name for such stuffe, was as I thought, to geue my workes this Title, to be called (Churyardes Chips to warme the wyttes of his welwillers.) In my first booke shalbe three Tragedies, two tales, a Dreame, a description of Frendship, a Farewell to the Court. the siege of Leeth and sundry other thinges y are already written. And in my seconde Booke shalbe four Tragedies, ten Tales, the Siege of Saynt Quintaynes, Newhauen, Calleis, and Gynes, and I hope the rest of all the forrein Warres, that I haue seene or heard of abroade, shal follow in another volume.

Thus commending this little present to your consideration, I trouble you not long with the tediousnes of my Epistle, and wishing you mucbe worshippe, good fame and blessed fortune, I bydde you moste hartelye farewel.

Yours in al at commaundement.

Thomas Churchyarde.

Ouid to his Booke.

The Elegie first.

My little booke (I blame thee not) to stately towne shal go.
O cruell chaunce, ỹ where thou goest, thy maister may not so.
Go now thy way: yet sute thy selfe, in sad and simple geare,
Such exiles weede as time requyre, I will ỹ thou do weare.
No bastie Violet shalt thou vse, nor robe of Purple hue,
Those costly coulours be vnfit, our carefull cause to rue.
With ruddy redde dye not thy face, nor sappe of Ceder tree,
Such outwarde hue see that thou haue, as cause assignes to thee.
Frounce not thy fearefull face I saye, nor hapelesse head do stroke,
But roughe and rugde so shewe in sight, that pitty maye prouoke,
Those subtill sleights be much more meete, for volumes voyde of payne,
But thou of my vnfrendly fate a myrror must remayne.
Be not abasht thy ruthfull blots, to set and shewe in sight,
That of my teares men may them iudge, to haue beene made a righte.
Depart thy waye and in my name, salute those blessed bowers,
Where as thy fearefull foote shall fall, in Cæsars statelye towers.
If any be (as some there are) amongst the rurall route,
Forgetlesse frends shall aske for mee, or ought shall seeme to doute:
Say that I liue: which as I do, by force of heauenly might,
So do confesse my troubled state, wherein thou sees mee plight:
If further speach shall thee prouoke, or other skill they craue,
I charge thee then to take good heede: no wastfull wordes to haue.
My faulty facts if any shall, reproue perhappes to thee,
Or doolefull deedes in publike place condempned chaunce to bee.
Spend thou no speach, nor do not care, tho threatning browes they bende,
A rightful cause it hindreth oft, with wordes if we defende.
Some shalt thou finde that will bewayle, me thus in exile sent,
And readinge thee wyth tricklinge teares, my carefull case lament.
And in their muttringe mindes will wishe (lest wicked men may heare)
That Cæsars yre once set a syde, from paynes I may be cleare.
To such therefore as wel do wishe, to vs that payne do proue,
To mighty Ioue wee pray likewyse, like sorrowes to remoue.
All thinges thus stalde in quiet state, and Cæsars grace once wonne,
Doth wishe my lothsome life to ende, where life I first begonne.
A worke vnworthy of my witte, of thee some men will iudge.
And doinge that I thee requyre, at thee likewyse shall grudge.

Yet ought a Iudge as well to time, as matter haue regarde.
Which if he haue (as I do hope) thou ſafely ſhalbe harde.
For pleaſaunt verſes do proceede, from quiet reſtinge brayne,
But ſoden ſorrowes mee aſſaultes, with hugie heapes of payne,
A time of trouble boyde it craues, a perfit verſe to make,
But mee: the Seas, the wreſtlinge windes, the winter wilde doth ſhake.
A minde more free from feare it aſkes, in deadly doubt I ſtande,
Leaſt that my life wyth ſword be reft, by force of enmies hande.
Yet ſome there are that marueile will, and rightfull Iudges bee,
When they this meane and ſimple verſe, with equall eyes ſhall ſee.
For though that Homer yet did liue, with ſorrowes ſo be ſet,
His wonted wits through malyce mighte, I feare he ſhould forget.
Yet ſhewe thy ſelfe (my ſeelye booke) without regarde of fame,
Nor though percaſe thou doſt diſpleaſe, let it not thee aſhame.
Syth fortune ſo vnfrendly is, to hope it were in vayne,
That thou hereby ſhould purchaſe prayſe, to make thereof thy gayne.
Whyle fortune ſmylde with ſmyrken cheere, of fame I had deſyre.
And noted name on euerie ſide, I ſought for to acquire.
A fayned verſe lo nowe I make, and hate my hurtfull lore,
Let it ſuffice: ſith that my wit, forſaketh mee therefore.
Yet go thou on, and in my ſteede, the royall Rome to ſee,
God graunt, that there as none of myne, they may accompt of thee.
And though thou there a ſtraunger bee, thincke not vnknowne to come,
But that amids the mighty towne, thou ſhalt bee knowen to ſome.
Thy couller will diſcloſe thy craft, although thou weare no name,
By deepe deceipt or otherwiſe, by ſkill to cloake the ſame.
In prtup wyſe yet paſſe thou in, my verſe may els offende,
The wonted grace it clearely wantes, which I to verſe did lende.
To reade as myne if any ſhal, vnworthy therefore deeme,
And from his handes to caſt away, to thee by happe ſhall ſeeme.
Tell then thy name: thou arte not hee, of loue that taught the lore,
That wicked worke hath felt the paynes, that it deſeru'de, before.
Perhappes thou looкſt I ſhould thee bid, the Pallace proude to clime,
Where Cæſar Royall Court doth keepe, with pleaſaunt paſſed time.
Thoſe Princely places and eke Gods, of pardon too I craue,
Syth from the ſtatelie tops of them, this lightninge lo wee haue.
The time I may remember when, thoſe Gods more gentle were,
Such nowe therefore as hurtfull bee, by profe of paine I feare.
The ſeely Doue that once was nymde, wyth Goſſehaukes greedy nipe,
Doth dread the ſmalleſt glympes of her, to flye her greuous gripe.

The wan-

The wandring lambe ỹ wolowing wolfe, had caught by courage boulde,
Escapinge then his cruell chaps, doth sleepe in sheepheardes foulde.
Yea Phaeton would shunne the skyes, if he agayne did raine,
And hate the horses whom shee lou'de, for feare of former paine.
My selfe confesse that haue receiu'de, of Ioue his launce a wounde,
Do feare the force of flashinge fyre, by thonders threatninge sounde.
Who so Capharea seekes to shunne, in way from Græcian fleete,
That he alwayes from Eboike Seas, to turne his sterne is meete.
My shyppe that lately did escape, with sturdy storme a clappe,
In that same place doth hate to come, for feare of like mishappe.
My booke therefore beware and stande, with feareful minde in doubt,
And bee content that thou be redde, in priuate place about.
While Icarus with tender winges, did climbe the starrie Sky,
In surginge Seas hee fell adowne, which haue their name thereby.
The Oweier or the sayles to vse, herein to know is hard,
But time and cause shall counsaile thee, if thou thereto regard.
In idle time if thou espye, when ceased is debate,
And when all ire is pacifyed, and turn'de to frendlie state.
Some doubtinge thus with fearefull face, wil thee perhappes present,
So hee with wordes thy way haue made, then go where thou art sent.
More happye happe God graunt thou haue, and farre more lucky day,
Then I haue had: when thou come there, oure sorrowes to allay.
For hee alone came salue my sore, of whom the wounde I haue.
And hurt and heale by selfe same skill, Achilles lately gaue.
Take heede while helpe herein thou seeke, thereby no hurt aryse,
For feare doth farre surmount our hope, thy selfe therefore aduise.
In mindes to quiet bent, renewe not wrath againe,
Least thou vnwares may kindle coales, to double former payne.
Yet when vnto my homely house, thou shalt returne to mee,
And in thy croked shryne be set, a place made meete for thee.
Thy brethren there thou shalt behould, in order seemely set,
One onelye Father all they had, whom he by skill beget.
The rest that there in sight do shewe, by synnes thou may decerne,
Whose names beset amids their browes, that thou thereof may learne.
And three also in priuye place, do lurcke in darckesome den,
Of loue the craftye skil they teach, as it is knowen to men.
Those wicked wights thou shalt eschew, or if thou may, proclaime,
For such as fathers lately slewe, by Telogonian name.
These three I warne thee of, if thou (the father not disdayne,
Of loue although the way they teach, to loue yet thou refrayne.

And fifteene volumes more in verſe, of chaunged bodyes bee,
Which at my funeralles I had, and there bereft from mee.
Amonge the which tranſformed ſhapes, ſay thou that I do craue,
That my miſfortune may bee ſet, with them a place to haue.
Unlikely to her former heſts, her altringe wondrous ſtraunge,
For now ſhe weepes ỳ whilom ſmilde, as chaunce of time doth chaunge.
More matter yet (if thou had aſkte) I had to tel beſide,
But that I feare it might be cauſe, to longe that thou abide.
For if nothinge that comes to minde, from thee I ſhould detayne,
A burden farre more huge thou were, then bearers coulde ſuſtayne.
Longe is thy way therefore make haſt, for we ſhal nowe abyde,
In furtheſt Coaſt of all the earth, farre from our country wyde.

¶ To the Gods.
The Elegie ſeconde.

O Gods of Seas & Sky, for what faue (prayers may preuayle)
Do not deſtroye our ſhaken ſhippes, in ſurginge Seas to ſayle.
Nor do you not to Cæſars wrath, with whole aſſent reſort,
For him whom one God doth oppreſſe, an other may ſupport.
Though Vulcane ſtoode aduerſe to Troye, Apollo ſought relicfe,
And Venus wag to Troyans iuſt, though Pallas wrought their griefe.
So Iuno did Æneas hate, who Turnus held full deare,
Yet he through helpe of Venus power, from harme was ſaued cleare.
The fearce Neptunus oft did ſeeke, to ſhort Vliſſes dayes,
Yet from her Eme Minerua did, his life preſerue alwayes.
And though we farre inferiour be, in heauenly force and might,
A frendly God yet who forbids, an angry God to ſpight.
But waſtefull wordes (O wretch) I ſpende, no good thereby aryſe,
Saue that it makes the watry waues, to ſpringe from ſpeakers eyes.
My paynful ſpeach and prayers preſt, the Southren winde hath rent,
And ſuffers not that they do come, to Gods where they be ſent.
With one alonely cauſe therefore leaſt I be hurt, ſhould deeme
Both ſhippes and bowes I knowe not where, to beare away they ſeeme.
What boyſterous billowes now (O wretch) amids the waues we ſpye,
As I forthwith ſhould haue beene heu'de, to touch the Azure ſkye.
What vacant vallies be there ſet, in ſwallowinge Seas ſo wrought,
As preſently thou lookes I ſhould, to dyery hell be brought.
I lookt about: ſaue Seas and ſkye, nought ſubiect was to ſight,
With ſwellinge ſurges one, with cloudes, the other threatned ſpight.
Betweene them both with wh'ſling ſound, the whyrling windes do rende,
And fominge Seas to Weather God, do ſtand in doubt to bende,

Nowe

Nowe doth ſir Eurus winds take foꝛce, at ryſe of mourninge bꝛight,
Nowe Zephyrus is pꝛeſt at hande, to waight the darckeſome night.
Nowe Boreas with parchinge dꝛye, from Noꝛthꝛen Pole doth glide,
Nowe Notus lo wyth feare afflickt, doth put his foꝛce aſide.
The Guide himſelfe in doubtfull muſe, what he may flye doe craue,
Aſtonied ſtayes his wonted ſkill, from wꝛacke the Shippe to ſaue.
We dye theꝛefoꝛe, no hope at all of life there doth remaine,
While thus I ſpeake the bitter teares, my fearefull face diſtaine.
The flouds my minde oppꝛeſt while thus, in vayne we pꝛay'de alas,
And by our careful mouth adowne, the deadly dꝛoppes do pas.
My godlye wyfe it onelie greeues, in exile I am ſent,
This one miſhap alone ſhe knowes, foꝛ this ſhee doth lament.
In largeſt Seas how I am caſt, to her no feare doth ſeeme,
Noꝛ toſt with windes ſhee knoweth not, noꝛ death ſo neare doth deeme.
O happie yet I did her leaue, and ſo my ſelfe auiſe,
Foꝛ els (wꝛetch) my payne were moꝛe, then death haue ſuffred twiſe.
But though that I do periſhe quit, ſith ſhe in life remayne,
I thincke thereby my dayes to length, and halfe a life to gayne.
What flames (alas) w̄ ſwift recourſe, from ſcowlinge cloudes do light?
What cruelll craſhinge noyſe do ſounde, from axe in heauen one hight?
No lighter blowes our ſhippe do beare, by ſurges waighty guſhe,
Then lofty walles when they ſuſtayne, the Cannons cruell ruſhe
This raginge floud which hence do come, in foꝛce all floudes ſurmoũt,
Behinde the ninth befoꝛe the leuenth, in ſight we may acoumpt.
Foꝛ death I feare though this do ſeeme, a wꝛetched death to bee,
Set wꝛacke aſide, a gift it is, a welcom gheſt to mee.
Somewhat it is foꝛ ſuch as are, by ſwoꝛde oꝛ fate decay'de,
That dyinge ſo in mouldy earth, their liueleſſe coꝛps bee lay'de.
Their faythfull frendes they may exhoꝛt, and gladſome graue obtayne,
And not in Seas to haue beene ſtroyed, and fiſhes foode bee flayne.
Admit I do deſerue ſuch death? alone I am not heare? (cleare?
Why ſhould my grieſe pꝛocure theſe paynes, whoſe facts from faultes be
O Sainctes a boue and Gods ſo greate, which rule the waters all,
Of eyther ſoꝛt moꝛe mecker be, and thꝛeatninge bꝛowes let fall.
So life which Cæſars gentle wꝛath, hath lent, to paſſe aliue,
Herewith I may (if you let not) at poyncted place arriue.
If any payne I haue deſeru'de, haue you my death decreed?
My fault at all no death deſerues, the Judge himſelfe agreed.
If Cæſar would haue ſent mee downe, to ſwimme in Stygian lake,
No helpe of you foꝛ that hee needes, noꝛ paynes therein ſhould take.

No ſuch enuy hee doth pretende, nor longeth ſo for bloud,
Syth that hee gaue, and may receiue, when hee ſo thinks it good.
And you therefore we humbly pray, ſith yee no harme ſuſtayne,
Indifferent mindes herein to haue, and not encreaſe our payne.
For though you woulde with whole aſſent, my wretched body ſaue,
Thincke you by that for dampned foule, a helpe hereafter haue?
Though ſeas were calme, though windes were ſtil, & you O Gods con-
Yet as exilde I ſhould remaine, by Cæſars owne aſſent. (tent,
I do not ſeeke for greedy gaine, by marchauntes crafty ſkill,
Whereby I ſhould occaſion haue the ſurging Seas to till.
Nor Athens ſo I looke to ſee, where I haue ſought for lore,
Nor Aſia mighty townes to vewe, not ſeene to mee before.
Nor yet to Alexandria coſt, I woulde conueyed bee,
That there I might (ô Nilus) reſt, thy pleaſures there to ſee.
The windes I wiſhe (who would beleeue) my ſhippe in haſt to driue,
Unto Sarmatia famous lande, ỹ there it might arriue.
As I am bound euen ſo I would, to Pontus hauen attaine,
And leauinge thus my country deare, my ſlowe ſucceſſe I playne.
Nor know not in what coaſt to find, the towne that Tomos hight,
And by my painefull prayers ſo, I take my fearefull flight.
If me you loue: then do I craue, your ſwellinge floudes to tame,
And by your heauenly power permit, our ſhippes may ſayle the ſame.
Or if you hate: compell me then, to pointed place to flie,
A part of payne I thincke it is, in ſtraungers ground to die.
Now hale away you boiſterous windes, why do we here abyde?
And by Italia ſhore in ſight, what cauſeth vs to ryde?
Syth Cæſar hath decreed my flight, will you thereto denie?
Wherefore permit my eyes maie come, where Pontus they may ſpie.
Thus hath he Judgde, thus I deſerue, nor what he doth reproue,
By right or law to fend my fault, it may not me behoue.
If dolefull deedes of mortall men, to Gods be not vnknowne,
Than may you ſee not my offence, of wicked minde is growne.
But if ſuch fatal they haue, and I, by error ſo deſtraught,
My minde with ignoraunce and not, with wickednes was fraught.
If any loue to Cæſars houſe, we ſimple men do beare,
His publike heſtes it ſhall ſuffice, that we do dread and feare.
If I haue tolde of happie daies, wherein that he did raigne,
To Cæſar and Cæſarians all, haue done my buſye paine.
If I ſuch faythful minde haue had, ſo graunt (O Gods) relife,
If not: to droun'de in Seas I wyſhe, and ende my weary griefe.

But am

But am I now decepued? or do the ſcowlinge cloudes waxe fayre,
Or do the billowes breake in ſight? or calme to ſeas repayre
No chaunce but cauſe haue cal'd you here, your ayde we pray to leud,
Syth you no fraude or craft may blind, for helpe we do attend.

¶ Hec departeth from Rome, remembreth the teares of his Wyfe, and freendes. Elegie. 3.

When I the penſiue picture ſee, of darcke and dyery night,
And in my minde beholde the Towne, from whẽce I toke my flight.
Or time record, when I did leaue, my frendes and dere allyes,
Then do the dolefull droppes diſcende, from my ſad weepinge eyes.
The day drue on I ſhould depart, as Cæſar wild before,
And flee a farre to partes extreame, and ſhunne Italia ſhore.
No time or perfit ſpace I had, nor minde for prayer preſt,
And drowſines by longe delay, had crept in carefull breſt.
No men there were to waight on mee, no care I had to reede,
No garmentes meete for myne eſtate, nor wealth to ſerue my neede,
I was aſtoyn'de: as hee that feels the force of lightninge flame,
Who thinckes hee were of life bereft, and yet entoyes the ſame,
But when this cloude of minde was gone, by ſorrow ſet aſyde,
And that my ſences did returne, in former health to bide.
At laſt my ſorye frendes I ſpake, when I away did pas,
Which of a number that I had, but one or two there was.
My louinge wyfe all weepinge thus, me weepinge did ſuſtaine,
Till that by her vnworthy checkes, a ſhoure of teares did rayne.
My doughter deare was farre away, in coaſt of Libia land,
And of my fate no word ſhe knew, nor cauſe could vnderſtand.
A yellinge and a cryinge noyſe did ſound on euery ſyde,
No ſecret forme of funeral, within my houſe did byde.
The man the Wyfe, the blameleſſe babe, my dolefull death do rue,
In euery corner of my houſe, a ſtreame of teares there grue.
If we doubt not our matters ſmall, by greater thinges make plaine,
As Troy when it was tane, ſo we, in like eſtate remayne.
Now whiſted was the voyce of men, of dogges and euery wight,
And Cynthea ledde the horſes then, that rul'de the darckeſome night.
I looking vp, did caſt mine eyes, the Senate houſe to ſee,
Which next our careful cot in vaine, was built in good degree.
And ſayd (O Gods) that here do reſt, and nereſt neighbours bee,
O ſtately Temples whom mine eyes, henceforth ſhall neuer ſee.
And you O heauenly goaſts I leaue, in lofty Rome to dwell,
For euer here I take my leaue, and bid you all farewell.

But (though that after greeuous wounds) my ſhielde to late I haue,
Yet do vouchſafe my fearefull flight, from hurtfull hate to ſaue.
And ſay vnto this heauenly man: by erroꝛ I did fall,
Leaſt wickednes may elſ be thought, to haue beene mixt withall.
And that which you do all perceiue, let him perceiue the ſame,
(That Gods once peal'de) I may be ſure, to haue no wꝛetches name.
Theſe paynefull pꝛayers haue I made, the mighty Gods vnto,
My wyfe with moꝛe: while ſobbinge ſighes her woꝛds haue letted ſo.
Befoꝛe the dooꝛes with heares be ſpꝛed, ſhee pꝛoſtrate lo did lye,
And with her mouth the Vulters kiſt, that builded are thereby.
Full many helpeleſſe woꝛdes ſhee ſpake, to aduerſe houſes than,
Which nought at all foꝛ mee pꝛeuail'de, that was condempned man.
The haſtinge night now dꝛew away, noꝛ longer ſpace would graunt,
Wherewith the ſtarres did turne one axe, the darckſume night to daunt.
What might I do? as loth I was, to leaue my country deare,
So was the poincted night now come, and almoſt paſſed cleare.
How oft cried I to ſuch as then, my longe delay contrould,
Why foꝛce you mee? why haſt you ſo? whence goe wee nowe, behold.
How often haue I kaynde likewiſe, a certaine houre to haue,
Which foꝛ my foꝛney were moꝛe fit, and mee from daunger ſaue.
The Thꝛeſhold thꝛiſe I kiſt, and thꝛiſe I was cal'd backe I trow,
My minde was dull and made no haſt, my feete in flight were ſlow.
Oft times I kayd farewell, and yet, foꝛ which I ſpeake and plaine,
And then as partinge I return'de, to kiſſe my frendes againe.
Oft times the ſame pꝛeceptes I gaue, and beinge yet begilde,
I looked backe and caſt mine eyes, to ſee my ſeelye childe.
In fine: what haſt? to Scythia nowe, it is that we are ſent,
And Rome we leaue yet both delayes, be done of iuſt intent.
My wyfe although ſhe liue I looſe, I yet do liue likewiſe,
Wyth houſe and members ſweete thereof, which I cannot diſpiſe.
My faythfull fellowes eke whom I, as bꝛethꝛen did eſteeme,
Whoſe faſtned fayth as true to mee (O Theſean mates I deeme.
Them there in armes I did embꝛace, which neuer moꝛe I might,
Eche houre a gratefull gaine I thought, that geeuen mee was that night.
No moꝛe delay I made, but left my talke imperfit there,
All thinges that I ſhould then haue ſayd, in minde recoꝛded nere.
While wee our ſoꝛꝛye ſpeach did ſpend, and while wee weeped thus,
The day ſtarre gan appeare on Sky, a heauy ſtarre to vs.
Wherewyth a pange I felt as though, my members haue foꝛloꝛne,
And from my body euery part, did ſeeme to haue bene toꝛne.

I plain'de

I plain'de as Priam whilom did, when he the treason knewe,
And saw his foes from horse to sippe, when Troyan mates they slew.
A commen crie did then arise, my frendes a roringe make,
Their careful breastes of clothinge bare, with heauy handes they strake.
Departinge then: to shoulders fast, my wyfe did cleaue afrayd,
And wyth my teares her wordes shee mixt, and thus euen then shee sayde.
Thou shalt not goe: together vs, to flee they shall constrayne,
I follow thee, of exiles wyfe, an exile wil remayne.
The way is made for mee, and I, the furthest lande will see,
And to your passinge shippes I shall, a slender burden bee.
Cæsars wrath commaundeth you our countrey deare to flee,
But loue, this godly zealous loue, shall Cæsar geeue to mee.
Like helpelesse thinges shee did assaye, as oft shes did before,
And skant her weary hands shee gaue, her profit to restore.
I comminge forth as one that were, depriu'de of rightfull graue,
A nasty skinne, a hanginge heare, a forninge mouth I haue.
Some say that shee wyth sorrowes great, at ende of darckesome night,
Amids the house in frantike moode, did cast her selfe in sight.
And that at length shee rose agayne, her heares in dust arayde,
And members colde from ground shee heu'd, as one right sore afrayde
Sometimes her selfe, sometimes her house, shee doth bewaile withall,
And to her husband absent then, full oft by name shee call.
No lesse shee weeped there then if, her wofull eyes should spie,
My doughter or my selfe made meete, on burninge coales to lie.
Such care shee had her death to haue, and leaue her liuinge sence,
Yet none it were respectinge mine, though shee so passed hence.
But nowe God graunt that she do liue, sith fates do so decree,
That by her helpinge hand I may, the more releeued bee.
Bootes now which keepes the beare, of Erymanthus wood,
In Ocean Sea is dyued lowe, whose starre doth stir the flood.
Yet sayle we not in Ionian Seas, for that we so do craue,
But are compeld by present feare, more boldnes there to haue.
Lo now (O wretch) ỹ Seas waxe blacke, the boisterous winds do beate,
And sandes that from the depth be drawne, do burne with sowly heate.
Our shippes with waues no lesse then hilles, is tossed to and fro,
Our painted Gods with billowes bet, their quiet state forgo.
The slender sides do crye and sounde, with stresse the cables craze,
The ship it selfe with our ill happe, a fearefull groninge make.
The maister by his pale aspecte, bewrayes his secrete fere,
And ouercom'de pursues the wippe, by sail rules not the stere,

Like

Like as the fearefull ryder doth, let ſlip the horſes reane,
Who yeldeth to his careleſſe will, and art forgetteth cleane.
Euen ſo not where he would, but where the forcinge water driue,
The ſayle I ſee he lettes at large, in waſhinge waues to diue.
That if Sir Æolus had not ſente his chaunged windes abrode,
I ſurely had or this beene blowen, to place that was forbode.
For far from Leria coaſt lo then, on left ſyde faſt at hand,
The interdicted place we ſaw, and ſpide Italia land.
But let the fominge ſeas (we pray) forbidded ſhore to ſeeke,
That they with me the Gods obey, and ſhew themſelues more meeke.
While ſpeakinge thus we pray'd and fear'd, to haue beene driue abacke,
With wondrous force of ſturdy waue, our ſhippe ſides lo did cracke.
O mighty Gods of marble ſeas, let not your ire aryſe,
That Ioue him ſelfe wyth me be wroth, we craue it may ſuffyce.
And do you not my very minde, with cruell death conſtrayne,
If hee that death haue ſuffred once, cannot depart againe.

¶ To his conſtant frende.
Elegie. 4

O Frend whom firſt amonge my mates, as chiefe in minde I deeme,
O thou that do'ſt my heauy fate, euen as thyne owne eſteeme.
That firſt releaued me I meane, amazed where I laye,
And bouldeſt were with willinge mouth, comfortinge wordes to ſaie.
Which gently gaue me counſell then, to liue and length my dates,
When lyue of death in carefull breſt, had crept by ſondry wayes.
Thou know'ſt to whom I ſpeake although, thy name in ſignes I ſet,
Thy duty and thy frendly care, no whit I do forget.
In deepeſt deapth of minde, theſe thinges, I printed haue full playne,
A better ſtill of thine I ſhall, for euermore remayne.
With wandringe windes this ſpyte of mine, ſhal paſſe away and flee,
And laſtinge boones with flaminge fire, ſhal quight conſumed bee.
Before that theſe thy good deſerts, ſhall ſcape my careſull minde,
Or els this godly loue wyth time, from thence away ſhall finde.
Let mighty Gods now fauour thee, that helpe thou nede none craue,
And fortune farr vnlike to myne, God graunt that thou may haue.
Yet if the ſhippe had ſaulfely ſayl'de, and frendly windes had blowne,
This loue and faythfull frendſhip then, perhaps had not bene knowne.
Peritheus did not accoumpt, Duke Theſius for his frend,
Till that for him to Stygian lake, aliue he did diſcend.
Oreſtes ſo thy furies fearce, full perfit trials bee,
With how true hart that Pylades, was linckt in loue to thee.

If that

If that the ſtout Euryalus, with Burils had not fought,
Thy noble fame (ô Nyſus) then, had not ben blowne abought.
Like as the fine and perfect gould, in flaminge fyre is tride,
Euen ſo the loue of frendſhip is, in troublous time diſcride.
Whyle fortune luſt to ſmyle and geue, her helpinge hand withall,
And thinges to grounded wealth they haue, that may thereto befal.
But when her thretnininge browes ſhee bend, they ſhrincke away & flee,
Where hugye heapes but lately were, not one now left we ſee.
This ſkilfull rede I learn'd by tis, in other that did grow,
But now euen of myne owne miſhaps, by proofe the ſame I know.
Scant two or three my frendes you are, that of my ruth remayne,
The reſt as fortunes and not mine, I do accoumpt them playne.
You fewe therefore do helpe our payne, that reſt we may atchiue,
And that by you our ſhaken ſhipped, in ſafer ſhoore arriue.
With fained feare be not afrayde, a thinge both fonde and vayne,
Leaſt God millikinge that your loue, offended do remaine.
For Cæſar oft in ennemies doth, his faythfull frendſhip prayſe,
And that which in his owne, in foes, he doth approue alwayſe,
My cauſe yet better is, I haue, no aduerſe armour worne,
My folly is the cauſe that I, my country haue forlorne.
With wakinge mindes our heauy haps, do you bewayle, and praye,
That Cæſars ragynge wrath the more, thereby may haue delay.
Who ſo my cares doth ſeeke to know, in number them to haue,
A thinge more hard then may be done, he ſeemes thereby to craue.
So many ils to haue I borne, as ſtarres in Aynre ſkye,
And little graines of flyinge duſt, on parched ground do lie.
And many more of greater waight, we forced were to bere,
Which though they chaunſt, of credit yet, in them ſome doubt there were.
Some part whereof as doth behoue, with mee muſt dye awaie,
And by my meane would God were neue, that might the ſame bewraie,
A perſinge ſpeach although I had, a firme and flinty breſt,
And greater ſtore of mouthes thereto, wherein more tongues did reſt.
Yet all in wordes I do not know, how I might comprehend,
The thinge exceedinge further then, my wittes may well extende.
My troubles great (ô Poettes learn'de) for Duke Vlyſſes wright,
Yet I more Ils then he hath borne, for truth you may endight.
In compaſſe ſmal he many yeares, was toſſed vp and downe,
Betweene the Græcians noble lande, and Troyans famous towne.
But we the wideſt ſeas haue met, and wandred euery wayes,
To Geta crickes haue driuen bene, and eke Sermatia Bayes.

Ouid de triſtibus.

A faithfull bande Vlyſſes had, with mates both true and iuſt,
But me my fellowes fled in whom, I chiefely put my truſt.
In mery moode as victor then, he went his lande to ſee,
But I as victored do depart, and exile hence to flee.
In Greece ne yet Ithaca ground, nor Samia do I dwell,
From whence to be no payne it is, but may be ſuffered well.
But Rome which from the mountaynes ſeuen, we there beholde in ſight.
Th'empyre large and Gods thereof, to thence I take my flight.
A body ſtronge Vlyſſes had, that labour coulde ſuſtaine,
A ſmall and ſlender corps I haue, with weeke and tender braine.
To cruell warres and marſhall deedes, hath he beene vſde alwayes,
In quiet ſtudy haue I dwelt, and liued al my dayes.
The greateſt God oppreſſeth mee, to whom no God reſorte,
But Pallas him aſſiſted ſtill, and did his cauſe ſupport.
Neptunus ire the God of Seas, haue greeued him right ſore,
But mee Almighty Ioue oppreſſe, whoſe wrath reuengeth more.
The greateſt part of his now be, for fables counted playne,
Of our miſhappes no part at all for leſinge do remayne.
In fine, euen as he did deſire, at poynted place arriue,
Which longe he wiſht: right ſo he did, at length attayne aliue.
But I my country deare do thincke, now neuer more to ſee,
Unleſſe the ire of angry Gods, appeaſed happe to bee.

¶ To his Wyfe. Elegie. 5.

CAllimachus did not ſo burne, with loue to Lyda lent,
Nor yet ſo ſore Phylates had, his heart on Battis bent,
As thee (O mate moſt true) my breaſt, within I deepely graue,
Which worthy arte a better not, but happier huſband haue.
I fallinge faſt by thee do houlde, as by a bootfull beame,
Thy gift it is, that I haue ſcapt, a part of troubles ſtreame.
Thou art the cauſe I am no pray, to ſuch as ſeeke to ſee,
The letters brought that might declare, the wofull wracke of mee,
Like as the wolfe that bloud deſyres, when hunger hard do pricke,
Of ſeely ſheepe that be vnkept, the fleſh ful faine would licke.
Or as the greedy Gripe vppon, the careful corps doth ſtare,
When on the grounde hee ſees it lye, and left vnburned bare.
So one there was I know not who, my hard hap did miſtruſt,
Vppon my goods if thou lets not, his handes had layde vniuſt.
But him thy vertue did withſtande, byforce of frendes full true,
To whom no thancke we render may, as to their deedes is due.

In carefull case a witnes true, thy deedes therefore doth prayse,
If witnes do perchaunce preuayle, in these our dolefull dayes.
In vertuous life Andromacha, thy name doth not disdaine,
Nor Laodamia who did leaue, her life with husbande slaine.
If Homer thou hadst hapt vppon, thy fame should farr exceede,
Aboue the chaste Penelopeis, of whom in him we reade.
But if these maners meeke the Gods, did geeue thee al vntaught,
And in the daye of blisfefull byrth, of nature thou them caught.
Or els the matrone most to prayse, on whom thou waightest longe,
A myrror did thee make to be, all honest wiues amonge.
And to her selfe with custome longe, hath causde thee like to seeme,
By greater thinges of matters small, we doubt not for to deeme.
Full woo I am my verse hath not, more force in such a case,
And that my tongue doth not suffice, thy faythfull factes to blase.
For loke what liuely strents of minde, afore in mee there spronge,
Is quenched quite and fallen away, with sorrowes sore and longe.
The cheefe amonge the Ladyes of, great fame thou mightest sit,
And of all, men be lookst vppon, for vertue and for wit.
And so what power my penne may haue, when verse I do indyte,
From time to time thou shalt aye liue, in verse that I can wryte.

¶ To his frendes that Ware his Image ingraude.
Elegie. 6.

What frende thou be that Image haue, in forme made like to mee,
No Garlands gay with Iuye wrought, about his head let be.
These happy sygnes most comely be, that pleasaunt Poets were,
My troublous time is farre vnfitte, the Lawrell crowne to beare.
And thou that beares about of mee, in ringe the picture prest,
Fayne ỳ these thinges were neuer spoke, although thou knowes thē best.
The countenaunce deare of mee, that am, in exile sent beholde,
The likenes of my louringe lookes, which thou hast grau'de in goulde.
Whereon when thou shalt cast thine eyes, then haplye thou may say,
How far from vs is Naso now, our fellow sent away.
Thy loue I well alowe but yet, my verses print more playne
My forme: which as they be, I bid, to reade do not disdayne.
My verse I say that doth declare, how mens straunge shapes did shade,
Vnhappy worke whose maister fled, and left vnperfit made.
The same wyth heauy hande full sadde, in flaminge fyre I thrust,
With much more of my greuous goods, when needes depart I must.
And as they say that Thestias, did burne with fatall fire,
Her sonne: and sister kineder was, then mother mou'de with ire.

So I

So I my bookes my bowels deare, which no deſert did ſhow,
To dye away with mee did then, in flaſhinge flames beſtowe.
Which eyther was becauſe my muſe, as hurtfull I did hate,
Or els for that my verſe was rude, and not in perfit ſtate.
Which as they be not quite extinct, but partly yet appere,
In volumes mo then one I thincke, that then they written were.
So now I wiſhe them ſtill remayne, none Idle ſlouth that bee,
The reader to delight but may remember him of mee.
But yet no man with pacient eares, to reade them can abide,
Except he know that vncorrect, from me the ſame did ſlide.
That worke was pluckt away when halfe, he had his labour ſkant,
The trimming tricke ỹ laſt ſhould come, my wrytinges clearely want.
For paynted prayſe thy pardon craue, thy prayſe ſhal well ſuffice,
If thou that chaunce to reade this booke, my worke do not deſpiſe,
And here alſo fyxe verſes haue, which if thou thincke it beſt,
In formoſt front of that my booke, ſee that thou let them reſt.
What man thou be theſe volumes touch, of father now bereft,
And leſt wyſe graunt within your houſe, a place for them be left.
And that thou ſhould more fauour them, of him they were not ſent.
In publike preaſe: but as it were, the maiſters herſe of rent.
If that vnlearned verſe therefore, ſhal ſhew forth my cryme,
The maiſter would haue mended it, if he had longer time.

¶ To his frende that breake his promiſe.

Elegie. 7

The freſhe floudes ſhall from Seas retyre, againe their ſpringes vnto,
So ſhall the Sunne wyth horſes tourn'de, his courſe revoke alſo.
The earth ſhal eke the bright ſtarre beare, & ayre the plough ſhal cleue,
The water ſhall bringe forth the flames, and fyre ſhall water geue.
All thinges ſhall now by natures lawes, in order ſtraunge proceade,
No parcel of this wandringe world, his way aright ſhall leade.
All thinges ſhall come to paſſe which I, denyed afore coulde bee,
For nothinge is ſo ſtraung to heare, but we may hope to ſee.
It ſhall be ſo I geſſe becauſe, of him I am reiecte,
Whoſe helpe I hoped now that ſhould, my wofull cauſe protecte.
O faythleſſe frende how came ſo great, forgetfulnes of mee,
Why were thou then ſo ſore afrayd, my carefull corpes to ſee?
That once againe thou might not looke, nor comfort me oppreſt,
Nor yet (harde heart) my funerals purſue amonge the reſt.
The ſacred name of frendſhip fayre, that all men do adore,
Vnder thy foote thou letteſt lye, as thinge of litly ſtore.
And though thou did no teares let fall, for this my ſorry plight,
Yet far from heart ſome wordes to ſay, with fayned griefe thou might.

At leaſt

At leaſt wyſe that which ſtraungers did, then bid we wel to fare,
With peoples voyce and publike ſpeach, agree that g odwil bare.
And thē thy face with mourninge fret, no moze in ſight t'appere,
Whyle yet thou mightſt to looke vpon, the laſt daye I was there.
To take and geeue wyth talke alike, our farewell in ſuch caſe,
Which once wee might and then no moze, while woꝛld endures embꝛace.
As others mo which with no league, of frendſhippe I had bound,
Who thē declar'de their griefe of minde, with trickling teares on groñd.
Where elſe ſhould I to thee be knit, with life in common led,
With cauſes eke of great effect, and loue in longe time bꝛed.
Why elſe knewe thou ſo many bourds, and earneſt actes of myne,
And I ſo many matters ſayd, and pleaſaunt pꝛancks of thyne.
What if alone at royall Rome, our frendſhip had bene knit,
But thou ſo oft in euery place, was cal'd a fellow fit.
With wiſtſome windes of Seas in vayne, haue all theſe taken flight?
Oꝛ elſe al thinges in Lethe lake, are dꝛoun'de with darkſome night.
I thincke in towne thou were not boꝛne, that Rome of Quirine hight,
A towne alas wherein to come, I may not, woful wight.
But in the rockes which here do lye, on left ſyde of the Sea,
In croked cragges of Sarmatis, in lande of Scythia.
That in thy heart bee heaped high, of flint the ſtony vaynes,
And eke of Iron the ſeedes ſo hard, within thy bꝛeaſt remaynes.
The nourſe alſo which gaue thee ſucke, thꝛough tender mouth to paſs,
Wyth fruictfull teares when thou wert yonge, vntamed Tyger was.
Foꝛ elſe thou would not leſſe regard, the heauye happe I beare,
Then ſtraungers ill: noꝛ guiltie yet, of rigoꝛ rough appeare.
But ſynce the ſame my fatall fall, and ſoꝛrowes do encreaſe,
That frendſhip ſhould in his firſt time, from dutie doinge ceaſe.
Now cauſe I may foꝛget thy fault, and then I ſhal agayne,
Wyth ſelfe ſame tongue thy kindneſſe pꝛayſe, that I do now complayne.

¶ To his frende that the common people follovveth fortune. Elegie. 8.

ALl voyde of griefe God graunt thou may, laſt ende of life attayne,
Which as a frend to reade this woꝛke, of mine, doſt not diſdayne.
And here I wyſhe my pꝛayers might, pꝛeuayle foꝛ thy behoue,
Which foꝛ my ſelfe the cruell Gods, to mercy could not moue.
In number thicke thy frendes will come, while hap hanges on thy ſyde,
If ſtoꝛmye cloudes of time appeare, alone thou ſhalt abyde.

Beholde

Ouid de triſtibus.

Beh[illegible] how Doues to houſe reſort, in whitely coulloꝛs cladde,
In beaſtly boure of ſluttiſhe cotte, no byꝛd abydeth gladde.
The payneful Piſmeere meuer comes, in barne left boyde and bare,
No frend repayꝛes where goods beforꝛe, be cleane conſumde with care.
When Sunne doth ſhyne the ſhadow ſhewes, of them that walke abꝛode,
When it lyeth hid in cloude he liſt, no longer make abode.
The vnconſtant ſoꝛt of people ſo, do follow foꝛtunes light,
Which quẽched once w̃ houering ſhowꝛe, they ſtraight do take their flight.
And would to God thou might percepue, that falſely this do ſound,
But I muſt needes confeſſe them true, by foꝛtune that I found.
While we did ſtande in perfect ſtate, our houſe deſyꝛde no fame,
But yet was knowen and had reſoꝛt, as did ſuffice the ſame.
But when it firſt began to ſhake, they feared ſoꝛe the fall,
And wily backs to fleing turnd, to ſaue themſelues withall.
No maruayle though they feare the flaſh, of lightning cruell flame,
By fyꝛe of which all thinges is wont. conſume that neare it came.
But Cæſar yet among his foes, that frende doth well allow,
Which doth not ſh inke but tary ſtill, when foꝛtune bendes her bꝛow.
No wonted vſe he hath to fume (no man is moꝛe modeſt)
If he which lou'de to louer ſtil, in troubleous time is pꝛeſt.
The fame doth tell how Thoas kinge, on Pylades did rew,
When as by mate of Græcian Lande, Oreſtes once he knew.
Patroclus perfit fayth which was, with great Achilles knit,
Was wont full oft with woꝛthy pꝛayſe, in Hectors mouth to fit.
They ſay becauſe that Theſeus, with frende of his did pas,
Amonge the Pꝛinces blacke of hel. their God full ſoꝛry was.
Wee beleeue O Turnus that thy cheekes with teares were wet.
When thou harde of Eurialus, and Nyſus faythes ſo ſet.
In wꝛetches eke there is a loue, in foes which we apt ꝛoue,
O heauy hap ſo fewe there be which wyth my woꝛdes I moue.
Such is the ſtate and chaunce of mee, and my matters all,
That nothinge ought my teares to ſtoppe, from ſoꝛy face to fall.

¶ Hee reioyſeth that his frende profited in learninge.

Elegie. 9.

ALthough my hart foꝛ pꝛiuate chaunce, with ſadnes ſo be fraught,
It lighter lyes when I heare of, the knowledge thou hadſt caught.
I ſaw (moſt deare) that here thou ſhould within this poꝛt artue,
Afoꝛe this way the wꝛaſtling windes, thy ſhip began to dꝛiue.
If maners milde with bertue mixt, oꝛ life deuoyde of blame,
Be had in pꝛice no man that liues, deſerues a better name.

Dꝛik

Or if by art of cunninge knowen, that any do ascend,
There comes no cause which thou cannot, with pleasaunt wordes defend.
With these in mind I moued thus, to thee then streight can saie,
A greater stage (O frend) remaines, thy vertue to displaie.
No spleene of sheepe, of Lightning flame, no flashe on left side seene,
No chirting song or fleight of foule, a signe whereof hath bene.
By reasons rule I did deuine, and iudge of that should come,
All these in minde I gessed right, and of them knowledge nome.
In hart therfore I ioyfull am, for thee they proued true,
Also for me, to whom thy wit, was knowen as did ensue.
But would to God that myne had lyne, full lowe in darckenes hidde,
For neede requyres my studious stile, of louely light to ridde.
And as the science sad and graue, wyth pyked speach and fyne,
Doth profit thee: so am I hart, with lore vnlike to thyne.
But yet my life thou know'st righ well, how that far from this art,
Is maisters maners distant all, repugne in euery part.
Thou knowest of old this verse was writ, by me when I was ponge,
And it was though not to prayse, in Iest and playinge songe.
Like as no crafty couller can, in their defence haue might,
So I suppose my verse may not, excused be with right.
Euen as thou can, do them excuse, and frendes cause not forsake,
And with such steppes as thou hast gone, thy way right forth do take.

¶ Hee prayseth his shippe he founde at Corinthia Elegie. 10.

A Shippe I haue (and God so graunt) gouern'd by Pallas might,
Whose happie name no helme thereof, depainted is in sight.
If sailes therein we neede to vse, with slender winde she sailes,
Or if the ower: her way she takes, and easy force preuailes.
Her fellowes all with speedy course, to passe is not content,
But doth put backe by sondry skilles, all shippes that forward bent.
The flowinge flouds she lightly bears, and fels the tossing seas,
No cruell waues she yeldes vnto, but sayles away with ease.
With her I came acquainted first, euen at Corinthia ground,
Whom since a guide and trusty mate, in fearefull fight I found.
Through sondry streights and wicked winds, our way she did procure,
Yet was by force of Pallas power, from daunger saued sure.
And now the gates of vasty Seas, we pray that shee may cliue,
In Getа streames so longe tyme sought, we may at length arriue.
Which when she had conuey'de me thus, to Hellespontus port,
In narrow trackt away ful longe, she saulfely did resort.

On left syde then our course we tourn'de, from Astors famous towne,
And to their coastes (ô Imbria) there, from thence we came adowne.
So forth with gentle windes when wee, Zerinthia did attaine,
In Samothracia there our ship, al weary did remaine,
From hence the reach is short, if thou, Stantira seekes to vewe,
So farre the happy shippe she did, her maister still pursue.
Then on Bistonian fieldes to go, on foote it did me please,
My shippe forthwith forsakinge there, the Hellespontian Seas.
Unto Dardaniea then which bears, the Authors name, we bend,
And thee (ô Lampsace) we do seeke, whom rurall Gods defend.
Where as the Sea doth Seston part, from Abydena towne,
Euen where as Helles whilom fel, in narrow Seas adowne.
From thence to Cizicon which on, Propontis shore do stand,
Cizicon the noble worke, of Thessalonians hand.
Whereas Byzantia holdeth in, the seas on either side,
This is the place of double Seas, that keepes the gate so wyde.
And here I pray that wee may scape, by force of Southren winde,
That from Sycanaies Rockes in hast, she streight away may finde.
And so to Enyochus bayes, and thence by Polleo fall,
And caried thus to cut her way, by Anchilaus his wall.
Thence vnto Messembros port, and to Opeson bowres,
May happly passe (ô Bacchus) by, of thee the named towres.
Now to Alchachoes we go, which of the walles be spronge,
Who fleinge forth (men say) did builde, herein their houses stronge.
From which vnto Myletus towne, it saulfely may arriue,
Whereto the fearce and heauy wrath, of angry Gods do driue.
Which if we may attayne vnto, a lambe there shalbe slaine,
Mynerua to: for greater gift, our goods do not sustaine.
And you dame Hellens brethren twayne, to whom this Ile do bend,
Your double power to both our shippes, we pray that you do lend.
The one vnto Symplegades, prepares her way to make,
The other through Bystonia, her iorney thence do take.
Cause you that since we diuers plots, of purpose go vnto,
That she may haue, and so may this, their wished winds also.

¶ Hovve that he made his first booke in his Iourney.
Elegie. 11.

WYth in this booke what letter be, that thou perhappes shal reede,
In troublous time, of careful way, the same was made in deede.
For either Adria sawe we there, in colde Decembers day,
How weepinge verse amids the Seas, to write I did assay.

Or el-

Or els with double seas in course, I Isthmos ouercame,
And other shippes therby in flight, our fellowes so became.
When Cyclades amazed were, and marueile much did take,
How I amonge the roringe floudes, these verses yet coulde make:
And now my selfe do wonder sore, that in such raginge waues,
Of minde and seas: my very wits, themselues from daunger saues.
For be it maze with care hereof, or madnes we it call,
This studye doth repell from minde, my thought and sorrowes all.
Oft times in doubtfull minde so tost, by stormy kindes I was:
Oft times with Sterops star the sea, through threatning waues I pas.
Arthophilax that keepes the beare, doth darke the day at dawne,
And South wind with the waters fearce, the Hyadas haue drawne,
Oft times some part thereof did passe, into my shippe aright,
Yet tremblinge I this wofull verse, with fearefull hand do wright
Now with the Northren windes the ropes, contented are to crake
And like to hilles the hollow Seas a lofty surginge make.
The maister with his hands cast vp, doth pray wyth fearefull hart,
Beholdinge then the heauenly starres, forgetful of his art.
On euery syde we only sawe, of death the picture plaine,
Which I in minde did feare and yet, so fearinge wish againe.
God graunt I may to port arriue, I feare the same right sore,
In water far lesse daunger is, then on that cursed shore.
Of subtill snares of men and flouds, we stand in dreary dreede,
The sword and sea my wretched minde, with double terror feede.
The one doth hope with giltlesse bloud, a pray of me to make,
The other of my woofull death, the fame would gladly take.
On left side dwell'th a people rude, whose minds be bent to spoyle,
In blame esse bloud, and slaughter fearce, and cruell warres they toyle.
And while the washinge waters are, with winter floods so wrought,
Our mindes to greater toyle (then Seas) by heauy happe be brought.
Wherefore thou ought more pardon here (O gentle Reader) haue,
If these appeare (as sure it is) much lesse then hope do craue.
My Gardens now we want wherein, I wonted was to wright,
The shed beddes my body lacks, to rest the weary night.
With bitter winters day I am, in wicked weters throwne,
My Papers pale with Surges sould, the grisly Seas haue knowne.
The winter angry is that I, these verses dare indight,
And dreadfull threatninges casteth there, my purpose so to spighe.
Of man let winter victor be, in selfe same case I pray,
That I may cease my simple verse, and he his raginge stay.

FINIS.

Here beginneth the ſecond Booke.

¶ To Auguſtus Cæſar. Elegie. 1.

WYth you what thinge haue I ado, my bookes my hapleſs care?
Sith that my wits (O wretch) be cauſe, ỹ I of life diſpare.
My verſe condempned muſes why? repete I nowe againe?
And it is not enough that I haue once thus ſuffered payne?
My verſes lo a meane haue bene, by heauy hap ſo growen,
That I alas on euery ſide, to man and wyfe am knowen.
By verſes eke doth Cæſar note, me and my maners all,
Through peruers art which now of late, in deepe diſdaine is fall.
My painefull ſtudies ſet aſide, no faultes of life remayne,
That guiltie I imputed am, my verſe hath cauſed playne.
This we receiue as prize of life, and labors great of minde,
And now my painfull pinchinge paynes, in wofull wit I finde.
If wyſe I were, I ſhould of right, the learned ſiſters blame,
As greeuous Goddeſſes to ſuch, as worſhippe will the ſame.
But madnes now with feuer fearce, are toyned ſo in one,
That mindfull yet of former payne, my foote doth ſtrike the ſtone.
Like as the wounded Souldiour doth, reſort the fielde vnto,
Or as the wracked ſhippe doth ſeeke, on ſwellinge ſeas to go.
Perhappes like him which once within, Teutrantus Realme did raigne,
The ſame which made this greeuous wound, thereof may eaſe the paine,
And angry muſe which moued ire, the ſame likewiſe remoue,
For weepinge verſe do grace obtaine, at mighty Gods aboue.
The worthy dames of Italy, doth Cæſar will to pray,
To Ops which ſtately towers beare, and ſoundinge verſe to ſay.
The like to Phœbus eke, what time, wer playde the pleaſant playes,
Which neuer oftner could be ſeene, but once in one mans dayes.
Lo theſe (O gracions Cæſar nowe) as happy myrrors haue,
And let my wittes more milder wrath of thee hereafter craue.
The ſame is iuſt I do confeſſe, nor my deſerts denye,
Nor ſhame ſo farre departed is, from fearefull face to flye.
But if I had offended nought, what could you then beſtowe?
My let therefore occaſion is whereof that mercy growe.
So oftentimes as mortall men, in ſinfull faultes be found,
If Ioue ſhould ſtrike he might in time, lacke ſhot wherewith to wound.
But he when once with thondringe noyſe, haue thretned fore the land,
Withſly inkled drops the cloudy ayre, is cleared out of hand.

Ouid de triſtibus.

A God, a guide, a father graue, of right he cal'd haue beene,
As mighty Ioue nothyng ſo great, in Maſty woꝛld is ſeene.
Syth thee alſo a father graue, and guide in earth thy name,
Vſe then of Gods the maners milde, thy power it is the ſame.
The which full well thou do: noꝛ no, man with moꝛe equall hand,
The rightfull reanes could better holde, wherewith to rule the land.
The Parthians pꝛoude thou did ſubdue, yet pardon oft beſtowe,
Which they to thee in caſe alike, would not haue geeuen I knowe.
With woꝛldly wealth and honoꝛs high, aduaunced many bee,
Whoſe guilty handꝛ did weapons were, in field aduers to thee.
The day alſo with moued ire, thy wꝛath away did take,
So eyther part in ſacred houſe, at once their offrings make,
And as the ſouldiour doth reioyce, who did thy foes oppꝛeſſe,
So haue the captiues cauſe enough, to toy at ſuch diſtreſſe.
My cauſe yet better is: I weare no weapon ſo vntrue,
Noꝛ ennemies guilty goods I do, with greedy luſt purſue:
By ſeas, by land, by ſtarry ſkie, lo here I make my vowe,
By thee alſo that pꝛeſent is, a God to whom I bowe.
That this good will (O moſt of might) haue euer beene in mee,
And as thine owne with hart and ſoule, I ſought alwayes to be.
I wiſhed oft that here thou might, in earth haue liued longe,
And one I was that pꝛayed thus, amids the mighty thꝛonge.
And ſacrifice foꝛ this I gaue, and with mine owne aſſent,
When publike pꝛayers were pꝛonounc'de, to helpe to this entent.
My bookes my faulty facts alſo, what neede I haue in minde,
Wherein thy name a thouſand times, in open place I finde.
Beholde likewiſe my greater woꝛkes, vnended as they bee,
Where that tranſfoꝛmed bodies are, in wondꝛous wiſe to ſee.
There ſhalt thou finde by flittering fame, thy name haue had much pꝛaiſe,
There ſhalt thou finde the pledges great, of louinge minde alwaies.
Thy gloꝛie yet no verſe can well, augment in any wiſe,
Syth nothinge may thereto be put, whereby it might ariſe.
Of Ioue the fame doth farre excede, yet doth it him delight,
When as the ſame in ſtately verſe, we ſemely do endight.
If that by Gyauntes bloudy warres of mencion ought be harde,
At pꝛayſe thereof he doth reioyce, foꝛ truth we do regarde.
But thee do others honour moꝛe, and as it ſeemeth fit,
Thy pꝛincely pꝛayſe and royall fame, do pꝛayſe with riper wit.
And as with ſheddinge guilteſſe bloud, of bulles a hundꝛeth ſlayne.
Of God with ſmalleſt enſence geeuen, ſo grace we do obtayne.

O wicked

O wicked wight, O tyrant fearce, O cruell curſed foe,
That did my pleaſaunt fancies make, to thee diſcloſed ſoe.
To verſes which in bookes diſcribe, to thee thine honor due,
From reader ought in iudgement iuſt, more fauor to enſue.
But if thou hap offended be, who then dare be my frend?
No ſcant vnto my ſelfe I ſhould, my faithful frendſhip lend.
When as a houſe decayed is, and ſetled on the ſide,
Then all the maſſy waight thereof, to yeldinge partes do ſlide.
Or els whereas by fortunes force, a chincke therein is maide,
With praiſe thereof in tract of time, the ſame is ſoone decaide.
The great enuy of men ſo we, by hurtful verſe do finde,
And people be (as mee it is) to Cæſars ſide enclinde.
When as my life and maners yet, were more alow'de I knowe,
And by the horſe the ſame I iudge, which then thou did beſtowe.
The which altough it profit nought, nor honeſt prayſe I haue,
Yet from the name of cruell crime, my ſelfe I wiſhe to ſaue.
No cauſe to mee committed was, of guilty men amis,
For Iudges ten times ten to looke, vppon whoſe office is.
And priuate plaintes without offence, as Iudge I did decree,
With vpright minde the ſame I gaue, it will confeſſed bee.
And that (O wretch) if lateſt deedes, had not offended more,
Euen by thine owne aſſent I ſhould, not once be ſau'de before.
The lateſt, actes do me deſtroy, my ſhippe which faulſely ſail'de,
In deythly and ſwallowinge waues, through ſturdy ſtorme is fall'de.
No little part of whelminge waues, oppreſſeth mee alone,
But all the flocke of flowinge flouds, and Ocean ſeas in one.
Why ſawe I ought? myne eyes why haue, I guilty cauſ'de to bee?
Why is my fault vnweetinge I, now knowinge ſo well to mee?
The nackt Diana Acteon ſaw, vnwares as he did pas,
To hungry houndes a preſent pray, no whit the leſſe he was.
For mighty Gods do puniſh thoſe, by chaunce that do offend,
Nor pardon ought where powers be hurt, to ſuch miſhappes do lend.
So in that day wherein I was, wyth error thus beguild,
Our little houſe decayed is, with fault yet vndefild.
And litle though: yet of good fame, euen in my fathers dayes,
Nor vnto none inferioure now, for honours noble prayſe.
Not for the wealth nor want thereof, it can ſo wel be knowen,
For neyther can becauſe whereof, our knightly name is growen.
And be it by our byrth or rente, our houſe be litle nam'de,
My wits and painefull ſtudyes cauſ'd, abroade it hath bene fam'de.

Ouid de triſtibus.

Whych though percaſe I ſeeme to vſe,as yonge and wantonly,
yet by that meane through woꝛld ſo wyde,my famous name do fly.
Of Naſo eke the name is knowne,amids the learned thꝛonge,
Who dare of him the ſame recoꝛde,no abiect men amonge.
This houſe therefoꝛe to muſes greate,in great decay is fall,
By one offence and carefull crime,yet not accoumpted ſmall.
But ſo decay'de as ryſe it may,if that the raginge ire,
Of greeued Cæſar waxeth ripe, to wonted vſe retire.
Whoſe gracious mercy is ſo great,in iudgement of our paine,
That not ſo much as we did feare,we haue receiued plaine.
Our life is geeuen and not my death,his gentle wꝛath doth craue,
With vſed power O noble Pꝛince)we pꝛay therefoꝛe to ſaue.
I haue alſo with thine aſſent,my fathers liuinges all,
As though my life thou did accoumpt,a gift that were to ſmal.
My dolefull deedes haſt not condem'de,by Senates cloſe aſſent,
Noꝛ by decree of them oppꝛeſt,in wꝛetched exile ſent.
With thꝛettninge woꝛds rebukinge vice(as beſt a Pꝛince beſeeme)
Offences all thou doeſt reuenge,and mercy ſo eſteeme.
And thoſe decrees which were pꝛonounde, in ſterne and aſper wiſe,
Yet in the name of lighter fault,thou wild it ſhould ſuffiſe.
Thus as diſcharg'd and ſent away,no exiles name I haue,
My happy dayes depꝛyuinge ſo,and life thereby to ſaue.
No paine oꝛ griefe ſo greeuous is,no trouble ſuch of minde,
As to diſpleaſe ſo great a Pꝛince,his vengeaunce thereto finde:
But Gods which whilom moued were,ſometimes appeaſed bee,
And ſcowlinge cloudes once dꝛiuen aſyde,a day ful fayꝛe we ſee.
The Elme which lately blaſted was,depꝛyued of his greene,
The cluſtred vynes eftſones to beare,full oftentimes is ſeene.
And though thou do foꝛbid to hope,we hope aſſuredly,
This one thinge yet may come to paſſe, though thou thereto deny.
My hope encreaſe(O gentle Pꝛince)when thee I do behould,
And eke decreaſe when I reſpect, my faultes ſo manyfould.
The foꝛinge rage of ſwellinge ſeas,is not a like alwaye,
Noꝛ furies fyerce doth euer laſt,in toſſinge ſtreames to ſtay.
But ſometimes be moꝛe calme and cleare,and ceaſe their vſed toyle,
To make vs thinke the foꝛce were loſt,of billowes boiſterous bꝛoyle.
So do my feares both ryſe and fall,ſometime in doubt remayne,
In hope and dꝛeade of thy good will,to paſſe oꝛ pꝛoue my payne.
Foꝛ loue of Gods therefoꝛe which geeue,the long and happie daies,
(If they of noble Romaynes do) eſteeme the name and pꝛayſe)

Foꝛ countrey eke which thou do keepe, as guide and father deare,
Whereof my ſelfe a part I was, and thence now paſſed cleare.
To thee the ſtately towne ſo ſhall, wyth honours due refound,
Who doeſt foꝛ wit and famous factes, in wonderous wyſe abound.
So Liuia with thee remayne, and liue in wedded lyfe,
Which were but euen foꝛ the alone, a farre vnwoꝛthy wyfe.
If ſhee were not, a ſingle life ſhould beſt beſeeme foꝛ thee,
Foꝛ none there liues to whom thou might, a wedded huſband bee.
Of thee ſo ſhall a ſonne in health, and thou in health to rayne,
Which may, in thy moꝛe elder age, an old man here remayne.
And bꝛinge to paſſe that happy ſtarres thꝛough thoſe thy noble deedes,
With neuewes yonge ſhal ſtill abide, that thee in Realme ſucceedes.
So victoꝛy which vſed is, thy noble Caſtels to,
Shal ſtill be pꝛeſt at hand alwayes, to cuſtom'de enſignes goo.
She ſhall with wonted winges ſtill flie, with guide of Lauin land,
On happie head a Laurell greene, ſhall ſet with ſeemely hand.
By whom thou famous warres do keepe, in parſon alſo fight,
To whom good lucke by thee is geeuen, with Gods of mar'lous might.
And thus in mighty towne art ſeene, as pꝛeſent halfe to byde,
And halfe away in further partes, the bloudy warres to gyde.
A victoꝛ great from foes ſubdu'de, he ſhal returne to thee,
Wyth crowned hoꝛſe and triumphes bꝛaue, aduaunced ſhal he bee.
But ſpare we pꝛay thy lightninge fyerce, and cruell ſhot vp laie,
Whereof (O wꝛetch) we haue alas, to longe now made aſſaie.
Thou art our country father deare, not mindles of this name,
We pꝛay the ſpare and graunt vs hope, in time to haue no blame.
To come agayne I do not craue, yet wel beleeue wee may,
That mighty Gods moꝛe harder ſuits, haue not deni'de alway.
A gentler kinde of exiles life, and nerer place beſtow,
Then of my paynes the greateſt part, would be allayde I know.
The furtheſt lande I do apꝛouc, and caſt amonge my foes,
Noꝛ no man from his country, that, ſo far an exile goes.
In Hauen of ſeuenfould Iſtars ſea, alone here am I ſent,
With froſtie axe of Archadie, in cruell care am pent.
The Iazegies, the Colchos eke, and al the Geran rout.
With Meterius whom Danube ſtreame may ſcant frō hence keepe out.
And though that diuers be dꝛiuen foꝛth, foꝛ much moꝛe great offence,
Yet none to place moꝛe far then I, is ſent away from thence.
Beyond this land no thinge there is, ſaue cold and emmyes fell,
With waters thinne of whelminge ſea, wyth froſty Iſle congell.

On

Ouid de triſtibus.

On left ſyde here Euxinians ioyne, to part of Romayne Land,
And next the Baſterns and the Sawromes keepe with cruel hand.
This is the lande that lateſt came, to rule of Romayne lawe,
And ſcantly any part thereof, thine Empyre neare do drawe.
Wherefore I humbly pray that we, be ſet in ſaulfer ſoile,
Leaſt els with loſſe of country deare, we liue in endleſſe toile.
So neede we not the Nations feare, whom Iſtar ſkant deuide,
Nor as thy ſubiectes there be t'ane, with cruell foes to bide.
For no man borne of Latian bloud, can beare thoſe barberous bands,
But that they will a burden be, vnto Cæſarians hands.
Two faults there are that haue me ſlaine, erroz, and my verſe,
All other faults I thincke it good, that I do not reherſe.
Thy greeuous wounds (ô Cæſar) now, renewe I do not meane,
And that thou haue bewail'd them once, to much I do eſteeme.
Another part of crime remaynes, a greeuous fault for mee,
A Teacher of aduoutry foule, I charged am to bee,
Some things the Gods may well deceiue, them for to know is hard,
Of them for many be ſo meane, that thou doſt not regard,
For while as Ioue beholds the Heauens, and mighty Gods alſo,
The ſmaller thinges from lofty ſkies, cannot reſpect vnto.
So many matters they eſcape, in bewinge woꝛld ſo wyde,
That leſſe affayres of meaner waight, from heauenly minde do ſlyde.
That is: while thou a Prince by ſet, in Empyre large to raigne,
May not entend fondꝛ verſe to reade, and greater thinges diſdaine.
The waighty waight of Romayne name, do not ſo lightly moue,
Nor prayſe thereof on backe to beare, ſo little thee behoue.
As thou with godly power may marke, our fond and foolliſh toyes,
With open eyes here to diſcuſſe, our idle earthly ioyes.
Sometimes Germania doth rebell, ſometimes Illerians raile,
Rhetia and the Thrarian land, with ciuill warres aſſaile.
Sometimes Armenius craueth peace, and Parthus weapon yelde,
With fearefull bands reſtoꝛing eft, the enſignes won in fielde.
Germania eke through infant ponge, a ponge man thee do take,
And Cæſar doth full cruell warres, for mighty Cæſar make.
In fine: of all thine Empyre Huge, (which neuer was ſo large)
No part at all abated is, but ſtill remaynes in charge.
The Citty great and ſure defence, of cuſtomes and of lawe,
Doth ircke the ſoꝛe: while thē thou ſeekes, thine owne moꝛe nere to drawe.
The quiet ſtate thou can not vſe, which thou haſt ſtaid in land,
For troublous wars with nations great, thou dayly takes in hand.

Wherefore

Wherefore amonge ſuch cauſes graue, I marueil much and muſe,
That thou our wonted follies would, with earneſt eyes peruſe.
But if thou had (as I do wiſhe) more idle there haue beene,
Then in mine art no fault at all, perhaps thou ſhould haue ſeene.
The which I do confeſſe was not, deuiſ'de with ſeuere heade,
Nor matter mete that might deſerue, of ſuch a Prince be reade.
Yet be they not to lawes offence, nor guilty of ſuch blames,
But to enſtruct the youthfull rout, of noble Romayne dames.
Nor needeſt not my bookes to doubt, for in one of thoſe three,
Theſe verſes fower which next approch, be ſet therein to ſee,
Stande you aloofe you Veſtall tapes, of ſhamefaſtnes the ſignes,
Geue place likewiſe ye purfled Pavvles, that halfe on fete declines.
Of lavvful lotte and ſkil aloude, vvee onely do reſounde,
For in our ſimple verſe there ſhal, no ſubtill cryme bee founde.
Lo do we not all ſober Dames, from this our art expell?
Whom ſtole and tape forbiddeth plaine, wyth louely loue to mell?
But matrones may more artes inuent, (although they be vntaught,)
Whereby to make the chaſteſt mindes with wickednes be fraught.
No bookes therefore let matrones reade, (ſith all things be ſo ſtraunge)
That they be tourn'd from vertues vſe, to filthy vice to chaunge.
Who ſo doth care all thinges to tourne, to wronge and worſer part,
To vices vile his maners chaunge, through will of worſers hart.
For take in hande the Chronicke bokes, (then thoſe nothing more graue)
How Ilia fayre a babe brought forth, to reade there ſhalt thou haue.
Or if thou looke on Maroes worke, there ſhalt thou ſee in ſight,
How Venus fayre a mother was, vnto the Troyan Knight.
Yea further yet (if all thinges may) likewiſe accoumpted bee,
No kinde of verſe but may the minde, corrupt alſo wee ſee.
As guilty yet not euery booke, we may therefore diſpyſe,
For of ech thinge that helpe proceedes, doth harme alſo aryſe.
Then fyre what thinge more needefull is? yet who ſo lookes in lande,
The houſes highe to burne and ſpoyle, the fire he takes in hande.
So Phiſicke ſometimes greatly hurts, ſometimes doth heale right wel,
Of herbes that hurtfull be or not, by ſkilful lore to tell.
The theefe and ware wayfaringe man, by ſide a ſword they haue,
The one to robbe the ſimple wight, the other himſelfe to ſaue.
And Rethoricke haue longe time bene taught, to pleade for righteouſnes
Yet faulty folkes it oft defendes, and innocentes oppreſſe.
Euen ſo who ſhall my verſes reade, with equall vpright minde,
Shall well perſwade himſelfe enough, no hurt in them to finde.

And who ſo thinckes he ſinne conceyues, or vyces hereof haue,
But erreth much, and wrytings mine, to much he doth depraue.
In ſacred playes (I do confeſſe) be certaine wanton ſits,
The ſtages thereof do remoue, whereon the players ſits.
What cauſes alſo haue beene geeuen, of ſinne, and great miſchaunce
In marſhall fields and places great, where fighters do aduaunce?
Let Cyrcus eke be ſet aſyde, the vſe thereof not good,
The maydens chaſt thereon at playes, by men vnknowen they ſtood.
While men do rome in ſelfeſame path, where louers do reſort,
Why then be porches ſet at large, where all men may diſport.
What place then temples is more large? yet is there cauſe of ſin,
If wicked mindes that ſo delightes, by hap be ſet therein.
For ſet in ſacred houſe of Ioue, perchaunce it may be ſeene,
What number great of mothers made, by mighty Ioue haue beene.
Or who ſhal in the Temples pray, of Lady Iuno true,
The Gods ſhe there bewaylinge ſees, and wanton Lemmans bewe.
So ſome will aſke that Pallas ſee, as they her picture pas,
How of her Erichthonius, by ſinne conceyued was.
And comminge to the houſe, ſhall ſee, of Mars the heauenly wight,
Before the gates were Venus ſtands, faſt by her worthy knight.
In Iſis Church who chaunce to ſit, will happlie aſke in doubt,
By Ionian and the Boſphore ſeas, why Iuno ſent her out.
For Venus there Anchiſes is, for Luna Latinus olde,
For Ceres eke doth Iaſius ſtand, on whom thou mayſt beholde.
All theſe thinges therefore may corrupt, the wicked peruers minde.
Yet in their place full harmeleſſe ſtand, not wreſted from their kinde.
Far from this art which written was, for wanton Dames behoue,
The formoſt leafe of that ſame booke, al modeſt hands remoue.
Who ſo therefore by hap offend, more then the liuers chaſt:
With guilty men of fault forbode, ſhall he ſtraight wayes be plaſt?
No haynouſe act the wanton verſe, it is to lightly reede,
For many thinges the chaſt may ſee, which be abhord in deede.
The Matrones graue do oft behold, the baudy harlottes loue,
How naked there themſelues they make, dame Venus pranckes to proue.
The Veſtall eyes likewyſe they do, the Strompets body ſee,
Yet to themſelues by ſight thereof, no paynes deſerued bee.
But why haue I ſo much alas, my muſe to wanton made?
Or what haue cauſ'd my wicked booke, to lowely lore perſwade?
No thinge ſaue ſinne and open fault, of force I muſt confeſſe,
My wits and ſkill I do accuſe, as cauſe of my diſtreſſe.

Why

Why haue I not the Troyan towne, by Græcians whilom ſackt,
In Aſper verſe the ſame renu'de, and tould that famous fact?
Why ſpake I not of Thebas ſiege, and wounded brethren twayne,
And how the ſeuen gates thereof, in ſondry charge remayne?
And marſhall Rome occaſion gaue, whereof I ſhould endight,
A godly worke it were for mee, my country factes to wright.
In fine: while that by thy deſerts, all thinges ſo much abounde,
A cauſe I had (O Cæſar) why thy praiſe I ſhould reſounde.
Euen as the eyes delighted be, with beames of Phœbus bright,
So did thy factes my minde entiſe, to take thereof delight.
As rightfully I am repro'de, in barren fielde I til'de,
That noble worke is far more large, with greater plenty fil'de,
For though the ſlender boate is bould, in ſmaller ſtreame to play,
Yet like diſport it dareth not, in ſurginge ſeas aſſay.
And doubtinge that for greater thinges, my minde is farre vnfit,
In ditties ſmall it may ſuffice, that I do ſhew my wit.
But if thou ſhoulde commaund to tell, of Giauntes greeuous wounde,
Which they through fyre of Ioue did feele: the worke my wit confoũdes.
A fruictfull minde it doth requyre, of Cæſars actes to wright,
Leaſt els perhappes with matter much, the worke maye want his right.
Which though I durſt haue take in hande, yet dreadinge much amonge,
Thy noble power I might abate, which were to great a wronge.
To lighter worke I therefore went, and youthfull verſe addreſt,
With fayned loue a care I had, to feede my fickle breſt.
Which loth I was full longe to do, but faces did ſo ordayne,
And deepe deſire my minde did moue, to purchaſe greeuous paine.
Why haue I learn'de? O wretch why haue, my parentes taught me lore?
On letters ſmall why haue I ſet, my woful eyes before?
For this I am of thee enuide, by wanton art aright,
Through which thou thincks ỹ chaſte heads, be train'd to foule delight.
But none whom wedlocks yoke doth binde, this craft haue learn'd of me,
For who ſo nothinge knowes himſelfe, no teacher can he be.
So haue I made both pleaſant Toyes, and gentle facile verſe,
As yet in talke for by worde leude, no wight may me reherſe.
Nor none who liues in wedded life, amonge the common rought,
That of himſelfe a father faſe, through my default do dought.
My maners milde repugnant are, to verſe (beleeue you mee)
My life both chaſt and ſhamefaſt is, though muſe more pleaſaunt bee.
And greateſt part of thoſe my workes, inuentions are vntrue,
For much more craft they do allowe, then maker euer knewe.

Nor written

Nor written bookes do not purport, th'affections of the minde,
But honest will to pleasaunt myrth, to make the eares inclinde.
For Actius then in cruell deedes, Terentius should delight,
In bankets braue: and warriours be, of warres that do endight.
In fine: though diuers are with mee, that tender loue hane mayde,
Yet I alone for it (O wretch) the paynes alone haue payed.
Theia muse of Leryan olde, hath she not taught the skill?
With plenty great of Bacchus dewe, dame Venus neast to fill?
What hath dame Sapho Lesbia learn'de, but maydens fayre to loue,
Yet Sappho still remayneth saulfe, and he no paynes do proue.
What hath it thee (ô Battis) hurt, that readinge of thy verse,
Thy pleasaunt prancks thou did confesse, and wanton toyes rehearse.
No fable founde but tels of loue, in great Menanders booke,
Yet is it redde to Virgins yonge, and Boyes thereon do looke.
What shall you reade in Ilias, but foule aduouterous life?
And feare afflict of louers false, with toyle and endlesse strife,
Therein what is there set before, of Chrysida the loue?
And of the mayde from Captaynes caught, which anger great did moue.
What is Odissea els? but while Vlysses was away,
How of his wyfe the loue to get, what Woers did assay.
What doth great Homer more report, but Mars to Venus bound,
And that they were in filthy bedde, and foule aduoutry found.
By him haue we not knowledge caught, that mou'de with loues desyre?
One straunger caus'd two Goddesses, to burne in secret fyre?
Though Tragedies all writinges do surmount, for matter graue,
Yet euen in them occasions great, of loue alwayes we haue.
For in Hyppolitus the loue, of Phædra do we finde,
And eke how constant Canace lou'de, her brother not vnkinde.
What did not then kinge Pelops white, when Cupid forcte his chaire,
With Phrygian horses fearce conuey, Hippodamia faire?
Prouoked griefe through loues desyre, in some so much it was,
That mothers caus'd their cruel Blades, through childrēs bloud to pas.
And loue a kinge with Lemman fayre, in fethred foules did chaunge,
And made Dir Iris mother mourne, with sighes, and sobbing straunge.
If that Europaes brother vile, her loue did not requyre,
With Phœbus: then we had not read, how horses did retyre.
Nor Scilla should haue so attayn'd, the Tragicke stile vnto,
Vnlesse that loue her Father foste, his fatall hearce forgo.
Whose life by hap Electran reades, and mad Orestes fitte,
Ægestus faultes nor Clytemnestras, sinnes, he can forgitt.

What

What neede I ſpeake of Victor that, Chymera did oppreſſe?
Who crafty geſt did much anoye, to death almoſt diſtreſſe.
Who hath not ſpoke of Hermyone, and thee Cheneyda tould,
Of Alcumeoe whom Mycene Duke, in louinge breaſt did fould.
What Daneyes daughter in law her ſelfe? what Bacchus Dame?
What Hermiona with her which cauſ'de, of one two Nightes became?
Of Duke Admete, of Theſeus eke, what ſhould I here reſounde,
Of Greeke whoſe ſhippe did firſt arriue, on coaſt of Phrigian grounde.
Let Ioels come amonge the reſt, with Deidamia fayre,
Wyth Hylas to and Ganimede, who did to heauen repayre.
No time would ſerue the Traiecke ſyres, if I for them ſhould looke,
Whoſe names alone could not be ſet, wythin this careful booke.
And Tragedies the laughters foule, prouoke in ſundry wyſe,
Yea ſhameleſſe woordes full many a one, becauſe of them aryſe.
What hath it hindred him that did, the ſcarce Achill abuſe?
For which his valiaunt deedes were loſt, and force did him refuſe.
Ariſtides the filthy facts, of fond Myleſians tould,
Yet from his towne was not exild, nor in ſuch wyſe contrould.
Nor Eubius a writer great, of hiſtories vncleane,
How mothers might their ſede conſume, by foule and filthy meane.
Nor he who wrote the bookes which men, Sabaria haue nam'de,
Nor they whoſe owne aduouterous deedes, to tell were not aſham'de.
All theſe with graue and auncient ſawes, of learned men be bl'de,
The facts apparaunt be yet not, to princes ſo refuſ'de.
Nor I theſe forreine factes alone, for my defence do finde,
But euen in Romayne bookes I reade, the ſtoyes of wanton minde.
As Ennius graue who wonted was, of mighty Mars to tell,
Ennius though voyde of arte, in wit he did excell.
Lucretius eke the cauſe diſcuſt, of fearce conſuminge flame,
And triple worke he did deuine, of which proceed the ſame.
So did Catullus wanton man, his Lemmans prayſe reſight,
Whoſe name in deede hee chaunged haue, and Leſbia therefore hight.
Nor yet contented ſo but did, of Harlottes mo reherſe,
With whom aduoutry vyle he did, confeſſe in open verſe.
Like lawles life did Caluus leade, whoſe ſtature was but ſmall,
By ſondry meanes diſcloſinge then, his filthy doinges all.
What ſhould I ſpeake of Tyndaies ſtile, and Memnus verſe alſo,
Who writinge of vnhoneſt actes, their names haue put vnto.
And Cinna here a fellow is, and Anſer light as hee,
And Cornificius wanton, worke, and Catoes eke wee ſee.

And he who in Phaſecian ſeas, that Argos whilom brought,
His ſecrete deedes could not keepe in, which he before had wrought.
Hortenſius and Sulpitius facts, laſciuious be likewiſe,
And ſuch graue men who followeth not, or doth their deedes diſpiſe.
Siſenna did Myleſian bookes, reduce to Romayne verſe,
No paynes he proued yet, though filthy factes he did reherſe.
Nor Gallus though Lycoris feaſt, he did oft times adore,
Was blamed ought: but deemed drioncke, with wyne he bibd before.
To womans othes ſmall truſt to haue, Tibullus whilom wound,
Nor of them ſelues what they dent'd, no huſbande credit ſhould.
For keepers eke of virgins chaſt, a fraude he did confeſſe,
And now (O wretch) through ſelfe ſame art, is driuen to deepe diſtreſſe.
And as he would of ſignet fayre, or Jewels vertue finde,
By craft whereof his myſtreſſe hand, to touch he beares in minde.
By priuy poinctes and crafty becks, to ſhewe theyr ſecrete minde,
He alſo taught: and ſubtile notes, in trenchers fayre to finde.
And by the ſappe of certaine herbes, how wrath is ſet a ſyde,
Whereas the ſame through mutual mouthes, by ſtrents of teeth do glide.
And eke how they ſhoulde plenty great, of fooliſhe huſbands craue,
Whereby the leſſe they might offende, and leſſe occaſion haue.
At whom alſo the dogges, do barcke, when men that way are gone,
And ſecret hemmes he taught to knowe, when he did paſſe alone.
Ful many a crafty lore he learn'de, which women did receiue,
Euen by, what art the wedded wyues, their huſbands might deceiue.
For theſe yet no rebuke he had, his workes apparant bee,
And wel alow'de, to thee our Prince, are not vnknowen we ſee.
Propertius like preceptes haue geeuen, which be apparant plaine,
No checke or frowninge looke hee did, for that although ſuſtaine.
And many more I did ſucceede, who (ſith they liue in fame)
I will not now in open verſe, recite them by their name.
I feared not (I do confeſſe) amonge ſo great a fayle,
My onely ſhippe to perihe quite, and none but ſhe to fayle.
And other artes with troulinge dyce, ſo diuers written haue,
Through which no ſmall offence is caſt, vppon your grandſers graue.
How that thou may by ſubtill meane, the greateſt number throw,
And dogged poinctes may beſt eſchew, through crafty art to know.
In Tables play what markes auayle, or hurtfull are likewyſe,
Aſkill they haue to vſe the good, and loolinge poincts diſpyſe.
And how the knight in, coullers clad, doth rage in right fortz way,
When midle man through ennemies twayne, aſſault is made a pray.

And how

And how they beſt may march abroade, or forman make retyre,
Nor none alone from ward to paſſe, for feare of hurtfull hyre.
A game alſo with litle ſtones, ſo plaſte on table ſmall,
Where at he winn'th that mak'th al three, in one ſtraight line to fall.
And other Playes deuiſed be (nor all to tell I meane)
Through which our time a thinge moſt deare, is ſo conſumed cleane.
And other tell'th the forme of Balles, and ſkill of Tennis playes,
And ſome the Swimminge art doth ſhow, and ſome the toppe aſſayes.
The craft with coullers blacke to ſtayne, do diuers take in hand,
Of banket bowers and houſhold lawes, haue others deepely ſhande,
Of earth do others teach the vſe, whereof the cuppes do make.
And which the wyne preſerues and which, wil other liquor take.
Such kynde of ſportes in ſmoky mouth, of could Decembers daye,
Are vſed yet: nor maker none, for them the paynes do paye.
Through theſe examples lo I haue no wepinge verſes mayde,
But weeping paynes for pleaſant ſportes, I haue alas aſſayd.
In fyne: among theſe wryters all, I can perceaue not one,
To whom his Muſe haue hurtful bene, my ſelfe except alone.
What if I ſhould the filthy playes, of rayling teſters wryght,
Wherein the faultes of fayned loue, be ſet alwayes in ſight,
And wher the vicious man comes forth, in garmentes freſh and braue.
And wyly wyfe her foolish mate, by ſleight decayued haue,
Lo theſe: both mayd, wyfe, and man, with ſeely childzen ſee,
And oftentymes the ſenate hole, in parſon preſent bee,
The which alone wyth ſhameles ſpeache, do not defile the eare,
But filthy facts before the eyes, they haue diſcloſed there.
And when the louer by his craft the huſband doth begyle.
They clap their handes with wondrous ioy, and greate reioycing ſmile
And that although leſſe needful is: for Poetes gredy gayne,
The Preror will of forged playes, with charge the ſight attayne.
Beholde of playes the great expence (O Cæſar) and the charge,
Which thou haſt payed, thou ſhalt perceiue, ỹ ame haue bene right large
Lo theſe thy ſelfe ful oft haue ſeene, and ſhewed to others playne,
Thy maieſtye ſo lowly is, thy grace nothyng diſdayne.
The royal eyes wherewith thou do, the total world beholde,
Th'adultry vile haue gladly ſene, which that in Scene is tolde,
Wherfore if lawful that it be, that teſters ſo may wryght
Wy deedes leſſe paynes deſerue, they do more honeſt actes reſlght,
But is that kynd of wryting ſafe, for Pulpets hault regarde
And what the ſtage haue lawful made, from teſters not regarde

So haue the people daunced oft, when songe my poyses beene,
With open eyes the same also, thy selfe oft times haue seene.
Euen as the auncient pictures made, by craft of workemans hand,
With glistering glose bee set in sight, within your house to stand.
In them so be their tables smal, in priuate place I know,
Which sondry shapes and secrete deedes, of Lady Venus show.
And as the treful Aiax sits, wyth threatning browes all bent,
Or as the Barbrous mothers eye, to wicked act is lente.
Euen so the watry Venus sits, her dampish hayres to dry,
And sometimes seemes in mother seas, away from sight to flye.
And others be which cruel warres, wyth weapons sharpe do tell,
Yea some thy grandsiers deedes and some thine owne do show right wel.
In narrowe space the hateful wight, dame Nature hath me pent,
Nor to my wofull wayling wits, but slender force haue lent.
O happy yet for him it was Æneados did wright,
Who Morian heads with mighty men, and weapon fierce resight.
No part of al which famous worke, the readers do delight,
So much: as that, where loue was linckt againe al honest right.
Of Phyllis he likewise haue tould, and Amaryllis loue,
In youthful yeares he sought his minde, wyth Bucolickes to moue.
And we who haue by wryting these, committed greeuous sinne,
Our sinfull factes much elder be, though paynes but now beginne,
I verses also made when thou offences haue contrould,
A knight by thee to passe oft times, I voyde of checke was bould.
Wherefore I yong and wanting wit in that no daunger thought,
Which now to me in elder age, more hurtfull care haue brought.
A new reuenging paines I feele, for auncient written Art,
The persecution differeth far from time of my desart.
Yet of my woorkes you may beleeue, more waighty burdens beare,
For oftentimes more massye sayles, my ship sustayned there.
For bookes twyse six I wryten haue, and Fastos did them name,
In nomber like of monthes were made, and ended in the same.
And that that through my heauy fate, I did (O Cæsar) make,
Wherin I highly honoured thee, when I my way did take.
Yea Tragike still in royall verse we also did endight,
Wherin no waighty wordes do want, that stately stile should light.
In verse likewise we tould, although, the workes imperfect bene,
Where sondry shapes transformed are, and chaunged bodyes seene.
But would to God thy wrath a while, from minde thou would remoue,
And that of these some part to reade, thou wouldest me behoue.

The worke

The worke which at the worldes vpriſe hys firſt beginning had,
To thy moſt famous raigne I brought, and wrote (O Cæſar) glad,
There ſhalt thou finde what ſtore of wit, on me thou whilom layed,
And wyth what minde for the and thine, to write I haue aſſayed,
I do no man wyth byting verſe, or churliſhe checke diſdaine,
Nor no mans guilty factes there doth, wythin my workes remaine.
From ſubtil toyes I guiltes am, that tempred be wyth gall,
Nor in my verſe no venyme fell, wyth myrth is mixt at all.
Among ſo many thouſand men, wyth verſes many a one,
My learned muſe haue hindred none (my ſelf except alone)
At my miſhap I gueſſe therfore, no Romayne doth reioyce,
But much bewayle our ſondry woes, wyth one lamenting voyce.
Nor no man would I thinke be ſad, in this my ſorry chaunce,
If mercy me through giltles life to greater eaſe aduaunce.
Lo theſe wyth many more I wyſhe, may perce thy heauenly breſt,
(O father deare) O ſure defence, our countryes only reſt.
To Italy I would not turne, vnleſſe in longer ſpace,
Through greater paynes of the perhappes, we may deſerue more grace.
More ſafer place for Exiles life, and gentler reſt I craue,
So ſhall my faults and careful crimes, theyr due deſerupnges haue.

FINIS.

The third Booke:

¶ The booke to the Reader.

IN Feareful wyſe an Exiles booke am ſent the towne to ſee,
Thy helpyng hand, to weary frend (O Reader) lend thou mee:
Nor doubt thou not leaſt I be cauſe, perhappes to worke thy ſhame,
No verſe in this doth teache to loue, whereby to force the ſame.
Nor mayſters fortune hath ben ſuch, alas vnhappy wight,
That he wyth Jeſtes or pleaſant toyes, ought hide the ſame from ſight.
And that which he in greener yeres, hath made vnluckily,
To late (O woful worke) doth now, wyth hateful hart defye.
Behold therefore what I do bryngе, ſaue ſorrowes nought at all,
Such matter meete in weeping wordes, as doth to time befall,
Eche other lyne a lymping verſe, that here in ſight is ſeene,
The weary foote or length of way, the cauſe therof haue beene.

Ouid de Tristibus.

I am not staynd in Cedars sappe nor wrought with Pumyce bryght,
For shame it were to be more braue then mayster may with right.
The letters sad whereof the blots, bereft of wonted grace,
The sory teares that worke hath hurt, which fel from Poets face:
If any word he wrested haue, from light of latin sence,
The barbrous lande haue forct therto, and cause proceded thence,
Then tel, if payne be none which way, (O Reader, is most sure,
And by what steps a straungers booke, my passage may procure.
Whyle these I spake with stamering tongue, and closely all alone,
My iourney, lo: that told: there was, among them all but one.
God grant thou may, which Naso to hath bene denyed playne,
That in thy country here mayst byde, and quiet rest obtayne.
Guyd one I shal pursue, although by seas and land I sought,
Al tyred long my wery feete, from furthest country brought.
Obeyng then and passinge forth (quoth he) this is the gate,
Of Cæsars Court: and way the name, from gods haue growen but late
This is the vestale place that kepes dame Pallas and the fyre,
This is the pallace smal wherto King Numa did aspyre.
From hence on left syde loke (quoth he) Saturnus house do stande.
Here Romulus the lofty Rome to build did take in hand.
And wondryng much: forthwith in sight I glitering armour spyde,
And royall gates with heauenly bowers, in perfect vew descride.
Beholde of Ioue the house (quoth he) which we may so deuyne,
By royall crowne of oken tree, that high theron do shyne.
His name once hard forthwith [illegible] we haue deuyded wel,
Of mighhty Ioue it is the house, and he therein do dwell.
But lo, what cause the noble gates he hid with Lawrell greene?
Or why the tree with braunches spred, hath made his heire vnseene?
For that this house of tryumphes braue, deserues eternall fame?
Or els because Apollo great, doth dearely loue the same?
Or that it sacred is? or els all thinges of it must neede?
Or els of peace the tokens plaine, on total earth do spreede?
For as the Lawrell greene do growe, and neuer fades away,
So endlesse honor here remaynes, which yeldes to no decaye.
The letters eke which written be, about the stately Crowne,
The ensignes be of his defence. the Cittizenes haue foune.
One faythfull man except alone who driuen ful far away,
Doth lurk aloofe in furthest land, opprest in deepe decay.
Who though he doth confesse himselfe to haue deserued payne,
No wicked deede was cause thereof but error proued playne,

At royall place and myghty man, O wretch for feare I shake,
And doleful woful letters small through trembling dred do quake.
Thou doest behold to sickly hew, my paper pale do change,
And doest regard eche other foote, to hault with trembling straunge.
And at what tyme before the lords, and rulers of the place,
In sight thou shalbe set: I pray thee pleade thy patentes case,
From thence with slender pausing pace, to lofty steps was brought,
And stately Temples built on hie, of great Apollo sought.
Euen where on myghty pillers playne, the noble pictures stand,
Belides. and the cruel syre, with naked sword in hande.
And where the auncient writers learnd. with learned hand did wryte,
Which readers al may there behold, and there do stand in sight.
My bretheren there I loked for, saue those I could not find,
Whose byrth the father did repent, and so did wish in mynd.
And seking there in vaine about, the keper of the place,
Did wil me from those sacred stautes, to passe with spedy pace.
To temples next which ioyned were, in hast I did depart,
From whence my feete were forst to flee, for feare of further smart.
Nor that which wonted was alway, the learned bokes to take,
Would suffer me to touch the same, but clerely did forsake.
The heauy fate of wretched syers, to of spring doth discend,
And fathers feareful slight to vs, his children doth extend.
Yet may it hap in tyme to come, through length of longer space,
That we and he of, Cæsar may, obtayne more mylder grace.
The gods for this I pray, and yet (saue Cæsar none at all)
That they with heauenly eares attend, to this our humble call.
And seyng that the publique stautes, to vs denyed bene,
In priuate place it may be free, to lurke therin vnsene.
And you also ye simple hanves (if it so lawful be)
Our careful verse receyue lykewise, with modest eyes to see,
And was it my destnets than, the Sythean land to see?
And in that land that vnderlyeth, the Northren Poale to be,
Not to your Poet sacred Nymphes, and learned cunning flocke.
Haue succour shewed: which boast your selfe, of dame Dianayes, flocke.
Nor that deuoyde of very cryme, I wrote did profit ought,
And eke my muse more wanton far, then lyke I euer sought.
But after perils many past, by seas and land with payne,
In Pontus tle dryde vp with cold, aye lasting I remayne.
And I that borne to quyet rest, auoyding busye broyle,
Ful tender and impacient was of labors pinching toyle.

Ouid de triſtibus.

Extreames I ſuffer now,nor me,the Seas depriu'de of Port,
Nor ſundry wayes cold yet deſtroy,by which I made reſort.
But ils my mynde reſiſted haue,of which my bodye worne,
Repayres his force and ſuffereth thinges,ſkant able to be borne.
Yet while with wyndes and whelming waues, I doubtfullye am toſt,
My gryping cares and heauy hart,with trauayle great is loſt.
But when my way was ended once,and tourneying worke gan reſt,
And I a land wherein to wayle,my greuous payne poſſeſt.
Naught els but weepe I wold,nor from,myne eyes a ſmaller ſhowre,
Did flowe:then when the Spring time warme,doth winter ſnow deuour
My houſe and Rome remember I.with want of wonted place,
And whatſoeuer thing of myne,doth cuttie leaſt embrace.
O heauy chaunce ſo oft ahlos,as I haue knockt on Gate,
Of greedye graue,but yet no tyme,could enter in thereat.
Why haue I ſcapt ſo manye ſwordes,ſo oft with threatning dread?
Why hath not ſturdie ſtorme ouerwhelmde this my vnhappy head?
O Gods whom I to wrathful,and,in wrath to conſtant proue,
Partakers of diſpleaſers which,one onely God doth moue.
Haſte on,prouoke I humbly pray,the lingring longed fates,
And let not death be able eft,to ſhut his grieſlye Gates.

To his wyfe. Elegia. 3.

IF maruayle ought(my louing wife)thy mynde perhaps detayne?
Why others hand theſe letters wrote?my ſickneſſe cauſed playne.
In partes extreame of furtheſt land,with feuer ſore oppreſt,
Of wonted health I was almoſt with deadly doubt diſtreſt,
What mynde thinckes thou I had,when as,in Region rude I laye
Betweene the Sayvromes and the Getes,was forced here to ſtraye?
The ayre thicke cold not be borne,nor waters vſed bee,
And Land it ſelfe I know not how.to Nature diſagree.
No houſes apt nor meat for ſuch,whom ſickneſſe doth agreeue,
Nor none that could by Phiſickes art,my deepe diſeaſe relieue.
No frend that might my mynde comfort,nor dryue with wordes awaye,
The lingring time:to paſſe with ſpeedh,and greuous paynes alaye.
All tyred thus in furtheſt place,and landes my biding haue,
And ech thing clearely wanting there,my longing mynde do craue.
Yet though nothing my wiſh did want(O wyfe thou art moſt deare)
And of my breaſt thou doeſt poſſeſſe,and hold the place moſt neare,
To thee alone though abſent farre,my voyce by name doth call,
No daye but ſtil of thee I heare,nor ſound of ought at all.

And

And though oft tymes occaſion moues, to ſpeake of other thinges,
As mad my tongue thy name doth touch, and foorth the ſame it bringes.
Yea though I ſounded were and tongue, to mouth were fixed ſure,
And that no drop of pleaſaunt wynes, could eft the ſame recure,
Yet hearing that my myſtres deare, to preſence ſhould be brought,
I rouſe my ſelfe: for hope and cauſe, of ſtrength thereby is wrought.
While I in doubt of lyfe remayne, thou paſſeſt pleaſaunt dayes,
Unweeting cleare of ſorowes myne, percaſe thou none aſſayes.
Yet doeſt thou not I dare, affirme: (O thou my deareſt wife)
In ſorowes ſad me abſent farre, thou leades, thyne only lyfe.
But when as fare my yeares fulfilde, which it ſo ought of right,
And when as lyfe my corpes hath left, and Death performde his ſpight.
What toy ſhould it be then (O Gods) to graunt to my deſire,
On Native ground to end my dayes, and courſe therein entyre.
O would that either theſe my paynes, might yet haue had delaye,
Or elles that haſting death had come, before I paſt away,
In health not long agoe it might, my lyfe haue tane from mee,
But now an exile here to dye, theſe pardons graunted bee.
So farre away ſhall wee bee forſt, to dye in Land vnknowen?
Or ſhal the place inforce my fate, with greater ſorowes growen?
Shal not my corps in wonted beds, conſume with deadly wound?
Or ſhall there none my death bewayle, when laid I am on ground?
Sal not my myſtres ſorye teares, vppon my face let fall?
Nor ſhall the ſame with lyuing ſence my tyme prolong at all?
Shall not I make my due requeſtes? nor at the lateſt crye?
With Frendlye hand ſhall ſhee not ſhutte, and cloſe my paſſing eye?
But ſhall my head of funeralles, bereft and noble graue?
And here in greedye ground be put, and no lamenting haue?
Wilt not thou hearing this of mee, with myrnde amazed ſtand?
And faythful brea't with waighty ſtrokes, wil ſtrike with fearefull hand
And hytherwardes in vayne although, thy woful armes ſtretch out?
And on thy wretched husbandes name, to crye wil nothing doubt?
Yet ſpare thy cheekes (myne own ſweete hart) and louely lockes to rend
This time not firſt that I from thee, was forſt away to bend.
When as my countrye deare I loſt, thinck then I did away,
The firſt and greateſt death I doe, eſteeme the ſame alway.
Now if thou can: which thou cannot, (my beſt beloued wyfe)
Reioyce my Death the ende of woes, that ſo moleſted lyfe.
And would my ſoule with bodye might, conſumed bee in one,
So then no part from flaſhing flames, eſcaped be alone.

For if the ſpyrite do not depart, but flyes aloft in ſkies,
And that Pythagoras auncient ſawes, as falſe wee not diſpyſe.
My Romayne ſoule ſhall wander then, euen with the Sythian Ghoſt,
And ebe among the furious ſpyrites, ſhal byde alwayes at oſt.
Yet cauſe that all my lyfeleſſe boanes, be put in one ſmal pot,
So ſhal I not althouge now dead, an exile be, I wot.
For no man did forbid, that when, Thiocles whilom ſlayne,
Antigones ſhould burye him, though king denyde it playne.
And mixe my boanes with powder dry, of ſweete Ammomus tree,
And in the Suburbes of the towne, let them repoſed bee.
And letters great in Marble graude, with ſeemely verſe deuiſe,
Which on my Tombe the paſſers by, may wel diſcerne with eyes,

EPITAPHE

Here Naſo now behold I lye, that wrote of tender loue,
A Poet learnd, whoſe wits were cauſe, þ deth did him remoue
And whoſo here a louer comes, ſay thus, if Payne be none,
God graunt that Naſoes boanes abide, in quiet reſt echone.

On Tombe theſe ſhal ſuffice: but yet, my bookes ſhal longer byde,
As monumentes of mee, which that, no tract of tyme ſhall hyde.
And thoſe which Author hurted haue, yet hope I through the ſame,
My tyme ſhal more prolonged bee, with much encreaſe of Fame.
Yet on my Coarſe the due deſertes of Funerals beſtow,
And on the wattrye Garlandes ſee, thy bitter teares do flowe.
And though the fyre doth my Coarſe, to aſhes pale conuart,
Yet ſhal the ſorrye ſparkes approue, thy godly louing hart.
And now receiue this laſt farewel, perhaps, that I ſhall make,
The which although to thee I ſend, my ſelfe cannot pertake.

¶ To his frend, that he ſhould eſchew the companie of great men.

Elegia. 4.

O Deare in deede alwayes to mee, but in this time diſtreſt,
Now truſty tryde ſince mine eſtate, ſo ſore hath lyed oppreſt,
If aught thou doe thy frend beleue, wel taught by practiſe proofe,
Lyue to thy ſelfe, from haughtie names, of might flye thou aloofe.
Liue to thy ſelfe, and for thy power, great nobleneſſe eſchew,
Right noble is the Caſtle whence, this cruel lightning flowe.
For though in handes of mightie men, to help alone it lyes,
They do not helpe, but rather hurt, in worſeſt wicked wyſe,

The ſhip whoſe ſayle is ſtricken lowe, eſcapes the ſtormy blaſt,
But ſlackye ſayle and broade extent, more feare then leſſer taſt.
Thou ſeeſt how Corke with little waight, on top of water fleetes,
When heauy loade through paiſe, it ſelfe, and nets in bottome weetes.
If I my ſelfe theſe warninges with, had warned bene or this,
The towne where right doth will me dwel, perhaps I ſhould not mis.
Whilſt yet with thee I dwelt, and whilſt the pypeling wynde be put,
This boate of myne, through calmy ſeas, her quiet way ſhe cut.
Who falleth on euen ground (as ſcant, the ſame doth euer chaunce,)
So falles as when to earth it comes, may vp agayne aduaunce.
But that poore ſoule Elpenor fel, a downe from hight of Hall,
Whoſe mourneful ſpyrite his king vnto, appeared after fall.
What ment it then that Dedalus, his winges could flicker ſafe?
And Icarus to largie ſeas, his name aſſyned gaſe.
Forſooth becauſe aloft this one: that other flew below,
For both of them did others winges, their ſides vpon beſtow.
Beleeue me this who hidden wel: hath lurkt, he lyueth wel,
And ech man ought within his lot, to him appointed dwel.
Eumenides ſhould not, beene Childies, if his fooliſh ſonne,
Had not ſo much deſired on, Achilles horſe to runne.
And Meropes ſe to Phaeton, he Father ſtil had bene,
His Sonne in eyze, his Daughters and, in trees ſhould not haue ſeene.
So thou likewiſe for euer feare. to loftie matters hye,
And draw together I the pray, the ſayles of purpoſe nye.
For thou wel worthy art forthwith vnſpurned foote to runne,
Thy courſe of lyfe: and haue thy fate, more fauourabiye ſpunne.
With gentle loue that I ſhould pray, for thee thou doeſt deſerue,
And faythful fayth that wil from mee, at no time euer ſwerue.
With countnaunce like my careful caſe, I ſaw thee to lament,
As wel it may beleeued bee, my face did repreſent.
I ſaw thy teares with trickling fall, vpon my viſage ſad,
Which all at once were poured forth, with truſty wordes thou had.
Now thou alſo thy Freend remoude, with diligence defendes,
And tis which ſcant may eaſed bee, with mitigating mendes.
All voyde of Enuie ſee thou liue, without renowne diſpatch,
Thy yeares in quiet and thy ſeife, with equall Frendſhip match.
And loue the name of Naſo thine, which thing is yet alone,
Vnbaniſhed remaynes, the reſtyn Scythia ſeas be gone.
In land which neereſt toynes to ſtarre, of Erymanthus beare,
I byde. where Froſt congealed hard, the ground with cold do teare.

The

The Boſpher ſtreame and Tanais, with other lakes there be,
In Sythia ſea and names a few, of place ſkant known to mee.
And elſe there is nothing ſaue cold, which none can ſafely byde,
Alas how neare the furtheſt land, approcheth to my ſyde.
But far away my country is, and far my deareſt wyfe,
And what thing els beſydes theſe two, was pleaſaunt in my life?
Euen ſo theſe thinges be abſent as, the ſame I cannot get,
In body: but in mind they may, be all beholded yet.
Before mine eyes my houſe and towne. and forme of places ſhow,
And euery place together wyth, their deedes I ſhortly know.
Before mine eyes like as my wife, in preſent ſhape appeares,
My ſtate ſhe greuous preſſeth downe, and vp againe ſhe reares.
The abſent greeues, but lighter makes, that laſting loue ſhe lends,
And heauy charge vppon her laid, ſhe conſtantly defends.
So you (O frends) full firmely ſticke, within my fixed hart,
Whom I deſyre to ſpeake vnto, by ech mans name apart.
But fainting feare that is beware, my duty due doth let,
And you I thinke vnwilling would, within my verſe be ſet.
Afore you would and did regard, it as thy loue moſt kind,
That in my verſe the Reader might, your names ſo placed find.
Which thing becauſe is doubtful now, in ſecret breſt eche one,
I ſhall talke with and will becauſe, of quaking feare to none.
Nor in my verſe my hidden frendes, betraying forth I will,
Expreſſe: if any priuely, haue loued loue he ſtill.
Know this although in Region farre, is now my reſting place,
Wyth all my hart you inwardly, I euermore embrace.
And by ſuch meanes as ech man may. releeue my ills I pray,
Your faithful hand to frend outcaſt, in griefe do not denay.
So proſper fortune vnto you, and happy ſtill remayne.
As neuer in like lot the ſame, to aſke ye may be fayne.

To his Frend. Elegia. 5.

OUr vſe of Frendſhip hath bene ſuch, that thou with little ſhame,
Through ſmal acquaintaunce growē before, might wel haue clokt ỹ
In former bandes of frendſhips law, vnleſſe thou hadſt bene tyde, (ſame
When that my ſhip on ſafer ſtreame, wit' happy wynde did ſlyde.
But when I fel, ech man for feare, did ſhunne my diepe decay,
And wonted frendes their wyly backes, from me they turnde away.
Yet were thou bold my blaſted boanes, with ſi ich of Ioue his fyre,
To touch, and to my heauy houſe, with willing mynde retyre.

That

That thou but lately knowen perfourme, myne elder mates refrainde.
Of whom ſkant two or three that now, to mee poore wretch remaynde.
Thy ſorye lookes my ſelfe I ſawe, and gaue to them regard,
Thy face with teares like myne embrewde, and paleneſſe welnere mard,
Thy doleful drops I beare in mynde, and woful wordes echone,
In mouth the teares, in cares thy wordes, ful diepely now be gont.
My naked necke with heauy armes thou friendly didſt embrace,
With ſighing ſobs did kiſſes heape vpon my ferreful face.
Yea abſent now (O frend) I am by force of the protected,
Thou knoweſt ỹ (frend) thy name encludes, which may not be detected.
And many tokens more I markt, of thy vncloaked loue.
Which in my breaſt I keepe ful cloſe and ſhal not thence remoue.
God graunt thou may in quiet ſtate, thy frendes defend alwaye.
Whom now in better caſe thou helpes of paynes to haue allay.
Yet if that any ſhall enquyre (as like they wil do ſoone)
What life I leade in this meane ſpace by fortune al forlone.
Say that ſome little hope I haue that Gods wil graunt more grce,
From which do not withdraw thine ayde, if thou doeſt come in place.
And whether it I wrongful craue, or that I do deſerue,
In what thou may helpe thou therein, and donot lighly ſwerue.
And looke what ſkil in cunning ſpeache, thou learned haſt before,
Hereon ſee that thou doeſt beſtow to helpe my cauſe the more.
How much a man more noble is, ſo much more free from ire,
In valiaunt harts is ſooneſt quencht, the rage of furious fire.
It doth ſuffice the Lyon fierce to ſee his enemye yelde,
And not to ſtre the couching foe, that proſtrate lyes in field.
Yet doth the Wolfe and Beare diſpoyle, the yelding pray in place,
And eke ech other brutiſh beaſt, that ſpringes of ruder race.
For what then great Achil was had, in more renoumed fame?
And hee at Troy old Priams teares, did not behold for ſhame.
Of Alexanders mercies greate, ful ſure recordes wee haue,
By noble Pharos which doth ſtand, depaynted on his graue.
I know the rage of noble myndes, to mercie lightlye goe,
For Iuno ſonne in Law he is that was her mortal foe.
In fine of grace, no ſignes I ſee, that driues me to diſtruſt,
For that my fault no death deſerues, of Lawes that bee ſo iuſt.
I haue not ſought Auguſtus life, with treaſon byle to ſlay,
Of total earth the onely head, to whom al men obay,
I nought haue ſayd, nor babling tongue, haue ſpoken ought amiſſe,
If I therfore offended haue, the wyne the cauſer is.

My guiltles ſight my payne haue wrought, which I therfore doe blame,
From looking eyes my griefe doth grow, euen thus procedes the ſame.
Yet can I not my ſundry crimes, deſerud againſt al right,
But part of them is erroz playne, and voyd of wilful ſpight.
This hope therfore remaynyth yet, in time to get ſuch grace,
So ſhal my paynes procure releſe, by force of chaunged place.
Would to mee by ſhining ſtarre, which ſhowes before the Sonne,
At ryſing red with horſe lets goe, this meſſage might be done.

To his moſt familier friende
Eleg. 9.

OVr league of Loue (O deareſt frend) in firmeſt frendſhip knit,
Thou wil not, nor if happiye would, thou can diſſemble it.
To mee ſo long as lawful was, none other ſtode more deare,
Nor any was in al the towne with mee conioynde ſo neare.
This loue among the People thicke, ſo openlye was blowen,
That almoſt more than thou or I, the ſame appeared knowen.
And kindneſſe thine of gentle hart, vnto thy frend aye preſt,
The man had throughlye tryed whom, thou, doeſt loue aboue the reſt.
Nothing thou couldſt ſo couert keepe, but I of counſayle was,
And ſundrye ſecretes beare in breaſt, in common not to paſſe.
Thou only wert the man from whom, no vriuitie I hydde,
(That one except ahlas) which mee al vtterly vndidde,
Which hadſt thou wiſt thy felow ſhould in ſauegard thee haue ſerued,
And ſhould (O frend) though thy aduiſe, from ſafetye neuer ſwerued.
But me my deſtnies dyre did draw, vnto this paſſing payne,
They ſurely ſhut ech waye to me, that profite could contayne.
And whether I this miſchiefe might, in being ware auoyde,
Or els the wayes which deſtnies wil, by no meanes be deſtroyd,
Yet thou to vs that fixed art, with long acquaintaunce faſt,
We neare art greateſt part I want, of all mi pleaſures paſt.
Remember now if fauour can, thy power ought increaſe,
To proue what it for mee may doe, we pray the neuer ceaſe.
That Godhead once offended would, his anger ſomwhat frayne,
That place appointed chaunged eft, might partly eaſe my payne.
That if with ſinful wickednelle, my breaſt do not abound,
And erroz be begynner of, my chiefe accuſing wound.
My mynde as this moſt hurtful wound, [illegible] feare that filthy tyme,
Thy griefe agayne renueth eke, remembring of the Crime.
And w' alſoeuer able is, me with ſuch ſhame to ſpight,
It ſhould behoue it hydden were in darkeſome cloſed night.

Nought

Nought els therfore declare I wyl, saue onely find I haue.
But in such sin, no rych reward, nor other gayne to craue.
And this my fault men rightly may, and ought my folly name,
If very names and true to thinges, they aptly seke to frame.
Which if they be not euen so, then looke the furthest cost,
For my abode, let this land be, my suburbes vttermost.

¶To his daughter. Eleg. 7.

YOu written letters now prepare, the Harolds of my minde,
To see Perhilla how she fares, wyth hast I haue assingd.
You shall here finde, full sadlye set, fast by her mother sweete,
Or els among her bookes alone, and learned muses meete.
But when she knowes that thou art come, (all studyes set aside)
What thinge I do, she will demaunde, and in what state I bide.
Then shalt thou say I liue, although not so as liue I would,
Nor tract of time hath brought reliefe, as hope hath hopte it should.
To muses yet (though) hurt they haue) againe I do retyre,
And verses eke of wrested wordes, to make I haue desire.
But tell me now to studies old, dost thou thy mind apply?
To learned verse thy father like, wilt thou thy selfe affye?
For nature with the frendly fates, hath geuen the maners chast,
And sondry giftes but rarely seene, with wit good store thou hast.
To Pegase pleasant springes, my selfe, of purpose brought the first,
Least that thy veine of facund speache, myght perish els for thyrste.
In chastest yeares I noted well, the aptnes of thy brayne,
And as thy father dyd the guyde, the way to learnyng plaine.
Euen then I saye (but loue perhaps, with time is dryuen away)
A passing loue to the I had, which hardly could decay.
Wherfore if selfe same sparkes of wit, in the do still remaine,
But onely Sapphoes learned workes, shal thine inskil disdayn.
And now I feare least my mishaps, might the percase appall,
Or through the same some dolenes may within thy breast befall.
Whyle time did serue thy verse to mee, and myne to the I redde.
And now as Judge I was, and now, as tutor I the ledde.
Or els sometimes with verses made, thine eares I did approue,
Or finding fault: in blushing cheekes, thy bloude sometimes did moue.
Like me perchaunce, for that my bookes, haue hindered me so sore,
For feare of like mischaunce thou wil, thy studyes leaue therfore.
Naye feare thou not Perhilla deare, this doubting dred remoue,
So that no man of that thy verse, nor woman learne to loue,

Sith

Set ſlouth therefore alwayes aſide(O thou moſt learned dame.)
To ſacred lore and Authors turne,let it not the aſhame.
Thy fauor freſhe wyth beauty fraught,ſhall fade in longer ſpace,
And wrynckled age ſhall then appeare,vppon thine elder face.
When eluiſhe eld vppon thy ſhape,hath done her force and myght,
Who ſtil drawes neare wyth ſtelthy ſteps,to worke thy greuous ſpight
It wil the greue when ſome ſhal ſay,this wight ſhe hath ben fayre:
And loking in the wonted glaſſe,for ſorow ſhalt deſpayre.
Thou haſt of wealth a meetely mynde,yet doſt deſerue much more,
Enriche thy noble wit likewiſe with like abundaunt ſtore.
For fortune doth both geeue and take,and chaunge eche mans eſtate,
And Irus now he is become,that Cræſus was but late.
What needes more words?all mortall goodes,be lightly ſpent and gone,
Saue thoſe which in the breſt be hid,and minde except alone.
Lo while of houſe and country both,and thee I was bereft,
And of eche other thing depriu'de,and naught at all was left.
My wittes my mates they left,although I did entoy them ſtill,
Of them no right could Cæſar ſerue,whereby to worke his will.
Eche man by force of cruell ſword,my life may ſone depriue,
Yet ſhall my fame though I be dead,remaine alwayes aliue.
While martial Rome frō mountains ſeuen the conquered world behold,
My learned workes ſhal ſtill be read,and fame for aye be told.
And thou alſo that happyer vſe,of ſtudyes doſt enioye,
In what thou may,flee haſting death,which earthly life deſtroye.

✠He deſyreth to ſee his frendes and country
Elegia.8.

NOw would I wiſhe I might aſcende,on Triptolemus Carte,
Who firſt with ſedes on earth to ſow,haue taught the ſkilful arte,
Now would I tame the monſters fell,the which Medea ſad,
En flying from the lofty tower,of thee Corinthus had.
Now would I wiſhe to flie on highe,and ſlighty fethers take,
The which thou Perſeus whilom had,or Dedalus didſt make.
That flickering wyth theſe whighty wings,aloft in ſuttle ſky
I might forthwith by meane thereof,my native ground eſpye,
My ſorry houſe and faithful frendes ſhould ſo to ſight appeare
And chiefly eke my louing wyfe,whom I accompt moſt deare.
But why with childiſhe wiſhing words,thou fondly theſe do craue?
Which neuer thou before time had,nor yet ſhal after haue.
But if thou thy hing prayers make,on Cæſar them beſtowe,
Who is the mighty God in deede,thy ſelfe by proofe do know.

He may

He may to the these spedy winges, and wheeled charlots sende,
That wyth the flyinge foules thou maye, in thy returne contende.
If these I aske (nor greater gyftes) may none requyred bee,
So shall my prayers seeme more large, then reason graunts to mee.
In time to come perhaps, although, and anger all remou'd.
Wyth careful mind requyred then, to mercy be behou'd.
The whilst this smaller simple sute, I craue wyth humble hart,
That from this land els where I may, by licence free depart.
The ayer foule and water could, my nature still doth hate,
And land it selfe my body byndes, in deepe diseased state.
For either doth my troubled minde, the body sore molest,
Or els the country breedes the griefe, wherwyth it is distrest.
So sone as I to Pontus came, with dreames I was agreeued.
My flesh from boones it fled forthwyth, which meate hath not releeued.
And loke what colour pale and wanne, vpon the leaues do showe,
When winter frost beginneth first, and Boreas blasts to blowe.
Such old and withered ceared hue, my members do pertake,
Nor cause of loue complayning griefe, my painful minde forsake.
Nor in more sound estate my minde, then body do remaine,
But both at once diseased be, wyth fits of sickenesse payne,
Before my eyes me thinks I see, an Image stand in sight,
Which representes my sickely shape, and mind wyth care affright,
Such loue of death my brest assaults, my selfe by force to kill,
Syth Cæsar seeketh not wyth sworde, on mee to worke hys wyll.
And sith not force but gentle hate, thus long hath wrought our griefe,
Through chaunged place God graunt we may of him obtayne reliefe.

¶ VVhy Tomos vvas so called.
Eleg. 9.

LO here some Grecian Cyties be, (who would beleue the same?)
And yet amonge the Nations rude, are knowen by Barbrous name:
And to Mylerus hither sent, the dwellers way did take,
On Geta ground at last they stayed, and Grekish houses make.
Yea this towne eke thy fame more old, and elder terme is knowne,
And of Absirtus cruel death, a proper name is growne.
The sayling shippe through curious care, of martiall Pallas wrought,
At first these strugling streames assayde, before time neuer sought.
The wicked wight Medea here, from father fleing fast,
Her rowing owers vppon this coast, (men say) the first time cast.
The gazing stranger standing by, respecting seas by lowe,
Descrying shippes aloofe, quoth he, (yon Colchean sayles I know)

While

While ſhipmen there for dred did quake, and vp the cables caſt,
And while the anker vp to wayghe, their feareful hands made haſt.
The gilty gyrle wyth cruel kuffe, did ſtrike of Colchean breſt,
Whoſe hardy hand great hurt hath wrought, and vnto more is preſt.
And though wythin thys maydens minde, highe courage did remayne,
Much perfect palenes yet therto, in face appeared playne.
When haſting ſhippes with ſpeedy pace. to drawe more neare ſhe eſpyde,
By craft we muſt my father flee, (we are betrayde) ſhe cryde.
While ſhe for counſell pauſed then, and loked round about,
In ſight at laſt her brother ſawe, amids her deepeſt doubt.
Whom when ſhe eſpyde, forthwith ſhe ſayd: I dare vs well aſſure,
My brothers death the cauſe ſhalbe, our ſafety to procure.
He all vnwares and dreadyng nought, her cancred cruell ſpight,
Into his ſide her bloudy ſword ſhe thruſt with raging might.
Her blade pluckt backe from gored ſyde, ſhe rent wyth ruthful wound,
And members mincte in peeces ſmall, ſhe caſt about the ground.
And that her father might this knowe, on rocke whereby ſhe paſt,
His wofull handes and bloudy head, with ſleight ſhe fixed faſt.
Wyth wayling new her aged eyne, for this did make delay,
And ſobbing ſore the fleſhe toke vp, ſhe ſafely ſcapte away.
Hereof this towne is Tomos hight, for that vppon this ſoyle,
The ſiſter did her brothers corſe, in ſondry partes diſpoyle.

¶ VVyth vvhat Nations he liueth. Eleg. 10.

If any there remember yet, mee Naſo ſent away,
And in the Cyttye boyde of mee, my name remayning ſtay.
Know he in mids of Barbary, vnbliſſful man I breath,
Where fixed ſtarres do neuer ſtoupe, to ſubiect Seas beneath.
The Sauromats a Nation fierce, the Beſſian, and the Getes,
Which names vnworthy are my wit adioyning haue theyr ſeates.
Yet while the weather dureth warme, is Iſter our defence,
He wyth his liquid waters wette, repelles the battels hence.
But when th'unpleaſant winter coms, puts out his vgly face,
And all the lande be ſprinckled white, to marble frost geeue place.
While Boreas blowes and while the ſnow, lyeth caſt from Northe pole,
Then is it plaine theſe people are, oppreſt wyth planet coole,
The ſnow doth lye, whych lyinge can no Sunne or ſhowers thowe,
That fryſing blaſt indurate makes, to ſhyning Chriſtal growe.
And on the firſt vnmelted yet an other fals as faſt,
In diuers places wonted and twiſe twelue monthes wholy laſt.

So hideous,

So hideous force hath violent winde, from Northwarde heather sent,
The lofty Towers it equall layes, with ground and houses rent.
With Mantles made of heary skinnes, expell thy feruent could,
And onely of their bodyes all, their faces open hould.
Their busshes oft with Icy drops, do make a tinkelinge dinne,
Their beards with frost be bright embru'de, all hoary at the r chinne.
The cleared wines in fount stand vp, like shards of chtuered tyle,
Nor draughtes they drincke but gladly wil, with goblets thrust beguile.
What should I tell how riuers all, with could congealed stard?
And howe the brittle waters be, cast vp with digginge hand?
The same no straighter then the streame, of Nylus bearinge reede,
Which parted into sondry gulfes, in Vasty Seas do spreede.
This Ister ties with parchinge blastes, his bluish liquor deepe,
And forth in secret silent waues, to Sea in couert creepe.
Now may men saufely walke on foote, where shippes late passage had,
With could concreate on waters knocke, the houed horses sad.
And by such bridges newly built, on vnderslidinge streame,
Sarmatia Oxen vnbouth Waynes draw forth with stretched teame.
Forsoth I shall scant be beleeu'd, but if reward of lye,
We any there no witnes ought that fayth to ratifye.
The Largie freate with frost we saw, stand still and neuer flowe,
And slippery shell did vnder keepe, vnmoued surges lowe.
Nor so contented to haue seene, the hardned seas we trode,
When vpmost waues beneath my feete, not weetinge them abode.
If such a one sometime had beene, to the Leander kinde,
In narrow Seas no fault thy death, or cause of crime could finde.
Then neyther can the Dolphin fishe, in springinge ayre attayne,
Whom forcinge fast aloft to skip, doth winter hard restrayne.
And though Sir Boreas blustringe hurle, with winged winde displaied,
No surginge billow boulteth vp, from swallow surelie staied.
The pitched pups inclosed sticke, in Marble as it were,
No struglinge Dares through frosen sloud, their course are able sh ere.
Wee sawe the fishes fastned fast, long clong in yses cliue:
Yet part of them euen then also, perceiued was to liue:
If either raginge winde therefore, his power shewe at large,
In frislinge on the fletinge floode, or els on Neptunes charge.
Anone on Ister made full euen, with northren perle drie,
A barbarous foe on hastinge horse, dothe ridinge hyther hye.
A skilful foe in coursinge steedes, and flyinge shaft a farre,
Who doth the grounde that nereſt lies, destroyinge alwates marre.

With flyinge faſt ſome happely ſcape, while fieldes vnfended reſt,
Such richeſſe as vnkept remayne, by robbers be poſſeſt.
The Cattell and the crekinge cartes, ſmaull countrey richeſſe are:
And what ſo euer other ſtore, the dwellers poore prepare.
Some captiue tane are led with armes, hard bound behind at backe,
With coũtenaũce tourn'de to land in vaine, and houſes which they lacke.
Some ſtriken down full pitiouſly, with hooked ſhaftes do dread,
For drinchinge poyſon driuen is, into their arrowes head.
Looke what they can not cary forth, nor driue, they quite deſtroy,
This hoſtile band with waſtinge fire, will coates vnguilty noy.
Euen then alſo when peace is preaſt, they quake in fearinge fight,
Nor any man with culter keene, to plowe the ground delight.
This place the enmy euer ſee'th, or fear'th the ſame vnſeene,
The land vntil'd with baggage rough, ouer growen hath long time bene.
No pleaſaunt Grape is hiden here, in braunch of viney tree,
No warme newe wyne the hollough trough, to ouerflow wee ſee.
No apples round this Regions bear'th, nor here Acontius ſped,
Of any had: to wright the verſe, his loued miſtreſſe red.
In naked field yee ſhould behold, no tree ne buſſhes ſpread,
(O places farre vnfit alas) for happy men to tread.
And though the worlde be ſtretched out, in compaſſe wondrous wyde,
For mee this Land appointed is, my puniſhment to byde.

¶ Hee inueygheth agaynſt the euill ſpeaker.

Elegie. II.

Who ſo thou art that wickedly, at my miſhaps reioyce,
And me as guilty doſt accuſe, & eke condempne with voice.
On hard & flinty rocke was borne: w̃ milke there foſtred lõg,
Of ſauage beaſtes, the hart more hard thẽ is ỹ flint ſo ſtrõg.
What greater miſchiefe would'ſt thou wiſhe? thy wicked ire content,
Or els what further ills could cauſe, thy poyſoned tongue relent?
In barbarous Land I liue, and Pontus Iſle hath mee poſſeſt,
The Archadian Beare hath me alſo, and Boreas wynde diſtreſt.
What Nations ſtraunge no talke I haue, nor vſe of language found,
Eche place thereto on euery ſide, with doolefull dread abound.
And as the flyinge hart once caught, do ſhunne the bloudy beare,
Or as the ſeely taynted lambe, the mountayne Wolues do feare,
So I on euery ſyde beſet, with men of martiall Land,
Do likewiſe dred, for playne I ſpie, my enmies hard at hand.
And though in deede the payne were ſmall, my louinge wife to want,
Or elſe my Babes and Countrey ſweete, a griefe were deemed ſcant.

Nor any

Nor any other ill at all,but oncly Cæſars wrath,
Do'ſt thou not thinke that Cæſars ire,enough of vengeance hath?
Yet ſome there are that haply may,my greener wounds make worſe,
And can with facund mouth alſo and pleaſaunt ſpeakinge courſe.
Of matters playne to make a proofe,ech man a ſkil may ſhowe,
But what doth neede in weakened thinges,ſuch puiſaunt force to ſhowe?
A Glory great it is to race,the tower and lofty wall,
But other thinges of leſſer force,all headlonge downe do fall.
I am not hee I was: why do'ſt thou ſpurne my ſhadow vayne?
Of Aſhes dead on ſtone conſum'de,why do'ſt thou make againe?
When Hector fought: he Hector was,but drawne amonge his fone,
With force of great Achilles horſe,then Hector was he none.
And I my ſelfe as now not he: whom thou haſt knowen full plaine,
Onely now of him thou ſee'ſt,the ſhadowe to remayne.
(Why doeſt thou beaſt) with bitter wordes, mine Image thus coſtraine,
I praye thee ſpare from reſtleſſe ſpite,theſe tormentes to refrayne.
And thinke my faultes to haue bene true wherewith thou chargeſt mee,
And thinke the ſame bene wicked all,and folly none to bee.
And let mee paynes enough abide,to fill thy enuious breſt,
And let mee ſtill an Exile liue,in place exil'de oppreſt.
My heauy fate ſhould moue thy hart,on pities plaintes to feede,
And yet from thee as bloudy Judge,theſe Judgementes do proceede.
Thou art more cruell farre then was Buſirides the kinge,
Or elſe then he that frettinge fire,to braſen Bull did bringe,
Who(as men ſay)this bull did geue,the cruell tyrant to.
Of Sicill Land: who with his wordes,did praiſe the ſame alſo.
The vſe of this(O kinge quod he)in price doth far ſurmount,
The outward forme: for of the ſhape,make thou the leaſt accoumpt.
On right ſide lo thou open ſee'ſt,a place to ſtand in ſight,
Wherein put ſuch as ſley thou will, to ſatiſfie thy ſpight.
And that once done with ſokinge coales,the cloſed man conſume,
Who like a bull ſhall rore right out,with force of frettinge fume.
For which my worke a gwardon dew,that I likewyſe may haue,
Some iuſt reward of thee(O Prince) my painfull wittes do craue.
His tale thus done: the kinge ſlept forth,thou worker of this paine,
Shall firſt quod hee) approue the ſame,and ſhall therein be ſlaine.
Incontinent as he had taught,with fire hee ſawe him burn'de,
Who cruelly his manly voyce to beaſtly blearinge turn'de.
But why ſpeake I of Sycill factes,theſe Scythian Getes amonge?
To thee O wretch my playnt I ſend,that for my bloud do'ſt longe.

And that thou may with guilty bloud, aſlake thy longed thruſt,
At theſe my woes with hongry hart, reioyce with greedy luſt.
On Seas and Lande I flyinge faſt, ſuch greeuous paynes approue,
As hearinge them to pitious teares, thy ſelfe percaſe might moue.
If that Vlyſſes toyles were ſet (beleue me mine withall,)
Neptunus ire to loue his wrath, might be accoumpted ſmall.
Do not therefore (who ſo thou art) my griefe againe renewe,
Nor do not eft in greeuous woundes, thy cruell handes embrewe.
And let the fame of former factes, forgetfulnes obtayne,
So ſhall of thoſe myne elder hurtes one only ſcarre remayne.
Thou knoweſt full well the doubtfull factes, do hurt or helpe at will,
Then feare thy ſelfe thy lot vnknowen, which may the ſaue or ſpill.
And ſith that now is come, which I did thincke could not haue bene.
Why haſt thou minde of my miſhaps, thine owne forgettinge cleane.
Yet neede thou not to feare: our chaunce moſt greuous is of all,
For that where Cæſars wrath is ſet, all ills thereto befall.
And that thy ſelfe may know, that I, vnfaynedly do moue,
Theſe playntes: I would to God thy ſelfe, might euen the ſame approue.

¶ Hee deſireth a gentler place of exile.
Elegie. 12.

The Weſterne windes gan ſlake the colde, and yeare away to pas,
And Scythian winter ſlacker ſem'de, then wonted winter was.
And when the Ramme on waters thinne, that Helles raſhly brought,
The lightſome day with darkened night, in equall length had wrought.
The childzen ſmal and gladſome girles, in contry fieldes vp growen,
The Violets ſweete at this time reape, where ſeedes haue not ben ſowen.
The fertile fieldes do floriſhe now, with flowers of ſundry hewe,
And babling: byrdes w̄ tongue vntaught, do chaunt with notes ſo newe.
The Swallowe eke a mother vile her cruell deedes to hide,
Her neaſt by beames ſhe maketh cloſe, and buildes by houſes ſyde.
The growinge Graine in Plowed fieldes, with Furrowes laid vnſene,
With ſlender ſpiere through tender Earth apper'th with ioyfull greene.
The Vines alſo (whereas they be) their buds from braūches lowe
Do now bringe out: in Scythia for, no Vines at al do growe.
And whereas lofty woods be ſet, the Bowes do ſpread from tree,
(For nere to coaſt of Geta Land, no Trees deſerued bee)
Lo there this is the vacant time, for ſport and pleaſaunt playes,
And talkinge tongues in iudgement haules, do ceaſe for certaine dayes.
On hinneyghinge horſe w̄ Armour light, they brauely now diſport:
And ſome to Ball, and ſome to Top, with merry Minde reſort.

The luſty

The lusty youth annoynted longe with thinne and slydinge Oyle,
Their weary limmes with water washe, and rest from former toyle.
Now triumphes are: with soundinge voyce, the Lookers on do cry,
From three fould stage the factions three, their fauouringe words let flie.
O foure times blest, and blessed more the number can make plaine:
That mayest the Citty free enioy, and in the same remaine.
But I the snow with Sunne consum'de O wretch do here approue,
And frosen Sea the yse whereof no force might thence remoue.
No yse the same doth now congele, as wont it was to do,
Nor herdmen way by Ister make, to Sauromathia go.
Yet if by happe that any shippe, arriue within this coast,
Or any stranger hap to be, in Pontus Hauen at hoast.
In hast I seeke the shippemen out (and saluinge them before)
What shippe or whence she coms I aske, or from what happie shore.
Then they (vnlesse it marueile be) from some nere ioyninge Land,
Do aunswere make: from Nations farre, to sayle few tak'th in hand.
And seldome from Italia Seas do any passage take,
Nor in these ports from hauen so wide, no shippe his bydinge make.
But if that any come that speake, the Latin or the Greeke,
Vee is for that more welcome much, such language I do seeke.
It lawfull is from mouth of Sea, and from Propontis longe,
That men may saile with Northren winde, these Scythian Seas among.
Who so vee bee may happely make, some whisperinge rumour lowe,
Whereby a part occasion geu'th, more fame thereof to growe.
Then do I pray him make discourse of Cæsars triumphes braue,
And eke what vowes that duty driu'th, the Latian Ioue to haue.
Or els if that Germania land, which still rebell'th in fielde,
With carefull minde at Captaines feete, al prostrate now do yelde.
Who doth (which would my selfe had seene) of these thinges haply tell,
I pray him vse as welcome ghest, the house wherein I dwell.
But well away is Nasoes house, now set on Scythia ground?
Or shall to helpe my payne withall, a place therefore be found?
God graunt that Cæsar may commaunde, not this my house to be,
But rather for the time a place, wherein to chastice mee.

¶ To his birth daye. Elegie. 13.

My natall day (though more then need'th) to here beholde I see,
But yet on Earth to haue beene borne, what doth it profit mee?
And why doest thou O carefull day, in wretched yeares appeare?
Which might before this exil'de time, my life dispatched cleare.

If any

Ouid de triſtibus.

If any care for mee thou caſt, or ſhame had the poſſeſt
Beyonde my native ground purſu'de, why haſt thou me diſtreſt?
For in what place an infant firſt, thou knew at natall day,
In ſelfe ſame lande me thinkes thou ſhould, haue wrought my laſt decay.
And ſhould haue left me quite when as my fellowes me forſooke,
And there haue wilht me well to fare, with ſad lamentinge looke.
What doſt thou here in Pontus lande? doth Cæſar will thee go
In quakinge yſe to wracke his ire, hath he thee charged ſo?
And in deſpight of cuſtomes old, and honourable guiſe?
To ſee my backe with garments white, be clad Italian wyſe?
Or ſhall the ſmokinge Aulters fume, with flowringe Garlandes bound?
Or elſe the graynes of Incence ſweete, from flachinge flames reſound?
Or Sacrifyce ſhall I for thee and offringes due preſent?
Or ſhall our vowes to mighty Gods be geuen with whole aſſent?
I am not ſo diſpoſed now: nor time is offred fit,
That I thy comminge can reioyce, and ſorrowes quite forgit.
An Aulter fram'de for funerals, all deckt with Cipres tree,
And flaminge fyres for death prepar'de, is much more meete for mee,
A Sacrifice to heauenly Gods, no care I haue to geeue,
For vowes helpe not amids ſuch tis, I faithfully beleeue.
But if a liue I ought of them, with painfull prayers craue,
I wiſhe that in this land of thee no ſight may after haue.

¶ To hys frende to defende hys Booke. Elegie. 14.

O Holy Poet prelate high, which learned men defendes,
What doeſt thou now to wofull wit, that frendly helpe extendes?
As thou were wont in better plight, alwayes to ſuccour mee,
And nowe alſo leaſt quit I ſhoulde, depart doſt thou forſee?
Doeſt thou preſerue my verſes all, and in thy keepinge ſaue,
My wofull artes except alone, which Author hurted haue?
Yea do thou ſo of Poettes newe. that carefull will remayne,
And if thou may my hapleſſe name, in Citty ſtill retayne.
My ſelfe enforſt away to flee, my bookes yet nothinge ſo,
Nor cauſe by them committed is, to taſte of maiſters wo.
The exil'de father doth ofttimes, to furdeſt Nations flee,
His children though in towne to bide, as lawfull is you ſee.
My verſe my Offſpringe ſo I call, begot of mother none,
But like as Pallas whilom was, of Ioue his braine alone.
To thee I them commit and ſyth, their Syre is wanted ſore,
To thee that doſt protect the Babes, the burden is the more.

And

And three I haue that my mishap, in case alike do proue,
The rest in open sight preserue, thou neede not them remoue.
And bookes thryse five of shape transformde, which likewise I haue left,
Which at their maisters funerall, with force were all bereft.
That worke might well if that in mee my life so longe had last,
From heapy hand amended more with greater fame haue past.
But now all uncorrected quite in peoples mouth doth fall,
If that in peoples dayly speach, my name be told at all.
And to my bookes I know not how, which hap into thy hand,
Adde this: although now lately sente, from unacquainted land.
That who them reads in readinge them, will presuppose before,
What time and restlesse place I had, appointed me therefore.
To writinges mine more pardon farre, a righteous Judge will show,
If that them made in exild time, and barbarous land he know.
In such mishaps he marueile will, how verses I could write,
Or how my carefull hand set forth, the words I did endite.
My sundry woes my wits haue broke, of which longe time before,
The fountaine dyde and slender veine, appeared euermore.
Yet (as it was) with want of vse, is now consum'd away,
And with longe thrist to drinesse driuen, suffered more decay.
No store of bookes to feede my wit, in Scythia coast be founde,
But in their place the shootinge bowes and arrowes do resounde.
No learned mates for conference, do liue within this lande,
That hath the skill my verse to reade, or eares to understande.
No space is heere to roame aside, that watch on wall which goes,
And gate vpshut keepers of the Getes, our deadly dreaded foes.
Enquiry oft I make of wordes, of place or of some name,
Nor any man is present here, by whom I certaine ame.
Not seldome I enforce to speake, to shameful to confesse,
My wonted wordes will fayle me then, which I forgettinge cesse.
With Thracian talke and Geta rude, my eares be stopped quite,
Wee seemeth now I able am, in Getian wise to wryte.
Releeue mee least with Latin they be mixed fore I dread,
And least my writinge while thou bewe, the Pontus words do read.
And to my booke such as it is, in readinge pardon giue,
And else excused haue the same, by lot of life I liue.

FINIS.